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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

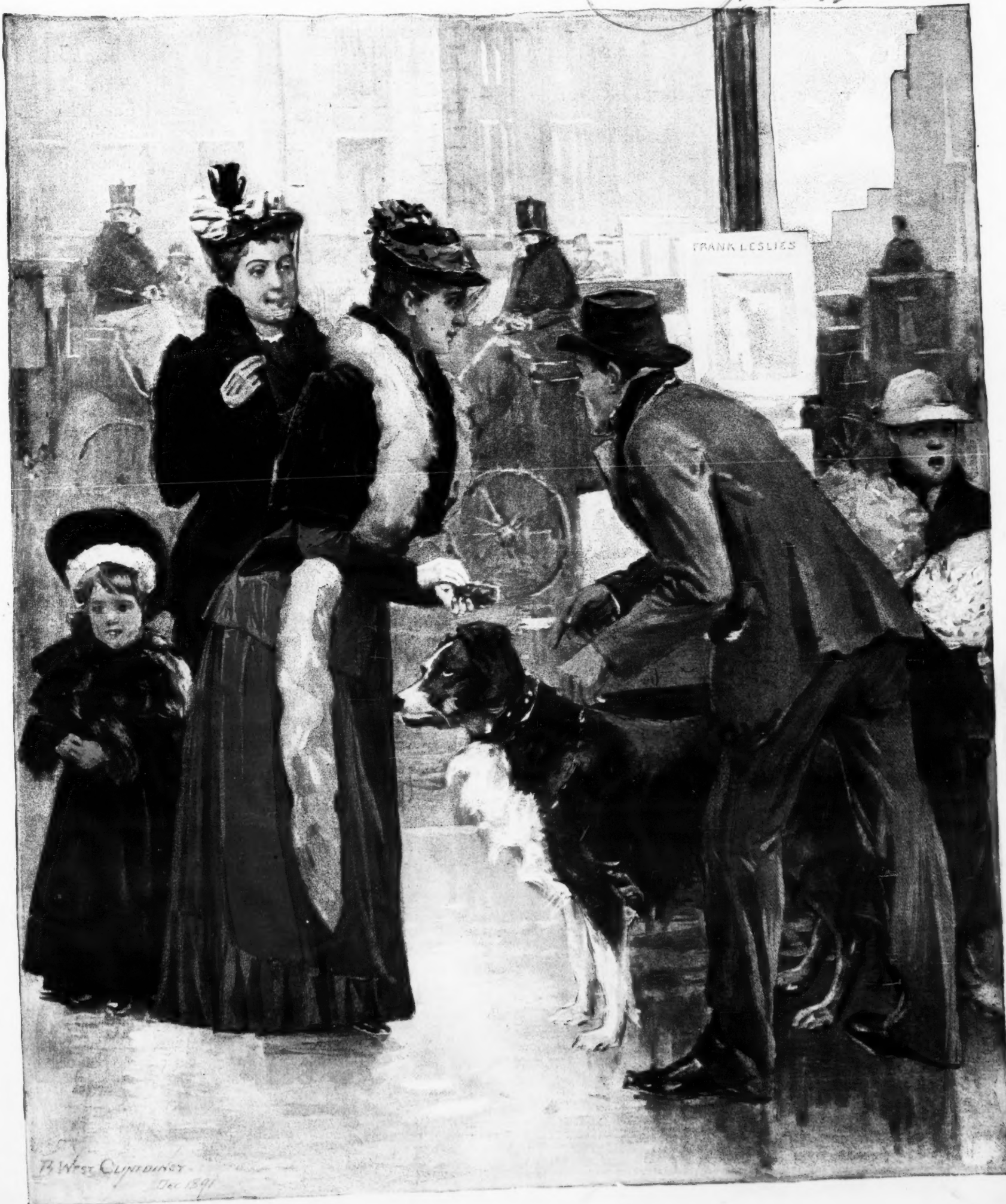
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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1892

TEN CENTS A COPY.
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“DRIVING A BARGAIN.”—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLYDESDALE.



IMPERIAL GRANUM
THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD
PURE, DELICIOUS, NOURISHING FOOD.
FOR INVALIDS, CONVALESCENTS-
AND THE AGED.
FOR NURSING MOTHERS,
INFANTS AND CHILDREN.
—SOLD BY DRUGGISTS—SHIPPING DEPOT—JOHN CARLE & SONS—NEW YORK—

Sick-room diet is often the despair of the nurse. It is easy to give medicine, but to build up with suitable nourishment is a difficulty perhaps best and oftentimes solved by the use of IMPERIAL GRANUM.—*St. Augustine, Fla., News.*

*The Latest Novelty
in English Perfumes.*

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HIGHLAND HEATHER.**
Delicate, Fragrant, Lasting.
For sale by all dealers in perfumery.

Zeno & Company,
1 & 3 Sun St. Finsbury Sq.
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Nervousness Farewell.



These are the brands of the best Tea grown. All England drinks it, and English people are the healthiest on the globe.

Send for Primer and Samples.

Ceylon Planters' Tea Co.,

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Combing, an incomplete mixture was accidentally applied on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the result. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on arms may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed as each application, and without slight injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERIOR ELECTROLYTIC.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement.—Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a precious boon in Modene which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail in safety mailing cases, postage paid, securely sealed on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A. Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations. You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.

\$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Begs leave to announce that its Twenty-Year Tontine Policies, issued in 1872, are now maturing, with the following results.

I.

1. Ordinary Life Policies are returning from 20 to 52 per cent in excess of their cash cost, according to age of insured. (See example below.)
2. Twenty-year Endowment Policies are returning from 58 to 71 per cent in excess of their cash cost, according to age of insured. (See example below.)
3. Limited Payment Life Policies are returning from 43 to 141 per cent in excess of their cash cost, according to age of insured. (See example below.)

EXAMPLES OF MATURING POLICIES.

1. Policy taken at Age 43, \$2,000; Cost, \$1,402; Cash Value, \$1,757.76
2. Policy taken at Age 30, \$5,000; Cost, \$4,653; Cash Value, \$8,238.45
3. Policy taken at Age 37, \$10,000; Cost, \$7,166; Cash Value, \$10,338.40

THESE RETURNS ARE MADE TO MEMBERS AFTER THE COMPANY HAS CARRIED THE INSURANCE ON THE RESPECTIVE POLICIES FOR TWENTY YEARS.

II.

1. Persons insured under Ordinary Life Policies may, in lieu of the above cash values, continue their insurance, at original rates, and receive CASH DIVIDENDS of from 71 to 115 per cent of all premiums that have been paid, and annual dividends hereafter as they accrue. (See example below.)
2. Persons insured under Limited Payment Life Policies may, in lieu of the above cash values, continue their insurance, without further payments, and receive CASH DIVIDENDS of from 67 to 163 per cent of all premiums that have been paid, and annual dividends hereafter as they accrue. (See example below.)

EXAMPLES OF DIVIDENDS.

1. Policy (see above) may be continued for the original amount, at original rates with annual dividends, and the accumulated dividends, amounting to \$980.62, may be withdrawn in cash.
2. Policy (see above) may be continued without further payments, receiving annual dividends, and the accumulated dividends, amounting to \$1,820.30, may be withdrawn in cash.

Persons desiring to see results on policies issued at their present age, and further particulars as to options in settlement, will please address the Company or its Agents, giving date of birth.

III.

The Management of the Company further announce that:

1. THE COMPANY'S NEW BUSINESS FOR 1891 EXCEEDED \$150,000,000.
2. ITS INCOME EXCEEDED THAT OF 1890.
3. ITS ASSETS AND INSURANCE IN FORCE WERE BOTH LARGELY INCREASED.
4. ITS MORTALITY RATE WAS MUCH BELOW THAT CALLED FOR BY THE MORTALITY TABLE.
5. A DETAILED STATEMENT OF THE YEAR'S BUSINESS will be published after the Annual Report is completed.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, President;

HENRY TUCK, Vice-President;

ARCHIBALD H. WELCH, 2d Vice-President;

RUFUS W. WEEKS, Actuary.

346 and 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The \$10.00 Kodak.



This new camera with latest improvements makes 24 snapshot or indoor pictures $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ inches without reloading. Beautiful finish. Splendid workmanship.

Developing and Printing Outfit, \$1.50.

Complete Illustrated guide to photography with each Kodak outfit enables you to "do the rest" yourself.

Send for circulars.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.



SOLID TRAINS BETWEEN

New York and Chicago,

Via CHAUTAUQUA LAKE or NIAGARA FALLS.

An Enchanting Panorama of Mountains, Forests, and Streams.

PULLMAN CARS

Between New York and Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Chautauqua Lake, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

D. I. ROBERTS, General Passenger Agent.

Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites.



For thirty years successfully used for the relief of brain weariness, nervous exhaustion, impaired vitality, weakness of the lungs, and all diseases of debility. It restores brain power, sustains in vigor all the functions, prevents premature age.

It has the indorsement of leading physicians and the most talented brain-workers in the world.

Send to us for pamphlet. Sold by druggists.

Sent by mail (\$1.00) from 56 West 25th St., New York.

None genuine without this signature

Crosby & Co.

THE COLORED NUMBER OF FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

TWELVE MONTHLY NUMBERS, ONE DOLLAR.

February 6, 1892.

WITH FLOWER PREMIUMS,
ONE DOLLAR AND A QUARTER.

THE leading editorial contribution in next week's issue of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY will be from the pen of Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, Mass., and will relate to the menace of dangerous legislation by Congress on the silver question. Mr. Atkinson's article is entitled "Breakers Ahead," and is characterized by great force and directness. It will be read with interest alike by the friends and the foes of the proposed silver legislation.

We have information that one Frey, claiming to be a member of the firm of McElroy & Frey, of San Francisco, Portland, and Seattle, is representing himself as an agent of the Judge Publishing Co. in California and in Mexico, having in the former State collected subscriptions and given receipts therefor. As we have previously announced, we have no traveling agents, and this man Frey is an impostor and thief. We should be glad to hear of his arrest.

PEACE ONLY WITH HONOR.

DIPLOMACY said its last word to Chili on January 21st in the matter of the Valparaiso outrage, and four days later President Harrison laid the whole case before Congress and the people. The President's message is more than a dignified and temperate recital of facts already familiar to the country. It is the most impressive and important state paper written since the end of the Civil War. It exhibited in the clearest light the justice of the demands upon Chili which it had become the duty of this administration to make peremptorily, and to enforce if necessary. It simplified the question at issue to such a degree that no citizen intelligent enough to read plain English could fail to understand it. And it proved beyond contradiction what no candid person has for a moment doubted, namely, the wisdom of every step taken by the President and his Cabinet for the maintenance of the national honor, and the extraordinary patience and forbearance manifested throughout, under the promptings of good faith and in the interests of peace.

The issue was of the gravest character. The brutal attack of the Chilean mob upon the unarmed sailors of the *Baltimore* in the streets of Valparaiso, the murder of two of our men because they wore the American uniform, and the wounding and maltreatment of many more, both by the rioters and at the hands of the representatives of Chilean municipal law, occurred as long ago as the 16th of last October. Ten days later our Minister at Santiago, acting under prompt instructions from Washington, called the attention of the Chilean government to the affair, courteously reminding that government that no expression of regret had yet reached our State Department, nor any assurance of reparation. Such an expression in adequate language, and such assurance in satisfactory form, were the least that could be expected. They would have come spontaneously and without a day's unnecessary delay from any government desiring to deal honorably with a friendly Power. They did not come from Chili. The same incomprehensible spirit of hostility to the United States that inspired the murderous mob seemed either to actuate or to paralyze both the provisional government and the Montt administration. The Chilean press and people apparently gave themselves over to a fatuous national conceit, a reckless and defiant malice against a nation that has never wished them anything but good. To all intents the Santiago government made itself the partisan of the Valparaiso mob, and the accessory, after the act, of the murderers of the American sailors.

After tolerating for ninety days the Chilean policy of delay, evasion, meaningless promises, and studied insult, and after receiving in the course of that period of forbearance such evidence of Chili's animus as was contained in Minister Matta's insolent note of December 11th, our government, on January 21st, sent down its ultimatum. In the first place it demanded a public withdrawal of the Matta note. Refusal on the part of Chili meant the suspension of diplomatic relations, but not necessarily therefore war. Secondly, in firm but temperate terms it insisted upon an adequate apology and full reparation for the outrage of October 16th. The President did not threaten war nor attempt to exercise the function of Congress; but having stated what he had done, and what he had demanded, he turned to Congress and asked that body, in his message, to sustain him

in his acts and to enforce his demands. That such support would be promptly and to the fullest extent rendered by the legislative branch, there was, fortunately, not the slightest reason to doubt. The temper of the country and the patriotic disposition of Congress, without regard to party lines, had already been clearly manifested.

The question of peace or war, therefore, was left for Chili herself to determine; and the latest news at the time of writing indicates that she has chosen wisely. There was not the remotest possibility that this government would recede in any particular from the position which it had taken; nor is there any probability now that it will permit the main question at issue to go to any third party for settlement. There are controversies which come legitimately within the province of arbitration, but there are also those to which the nation immediately concerned must attend for itself. The first duty of the government of a civilized people, in its international relations, is to protect its flag from insult, and its citizens or subjects from outrage and murder while serving that flag in foreign parts.

The unofficial report from Santiago is that Chili has chosen peace, is ready to withdraw both the offensive Matta note and her later request for the recall of Minister Egan, and to submit to the decision either of a neutral power or of our own Supreme Court in regard to the reparation due for the attack on the *Baltimore's* sailors. If the text of her reply, which will no doubt be made public before these lines are printed, confirms this unofficial statement of her purpose and shows that Chili is equally ready to render satisfaction on such points as cannot be arbitrated by any referee or tribunal, the result will justify in a most impressive way the firm yet considerate course of General Harrison's administration from the first step to the last. Peace will have been secured and satisfaction assured by the vigorous assertion of our rights and the energetic and far-seeing preparations for war.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

THE question of the restriction of the liquor traffic is just now engaging the attention of several European countries. In Germany, the Emperor has, at the risk of encountering a good deal of hostile criticism, undertaken to curb the evils resulting from this traffic, and at his instigation a bill dealing with the subject has been introduced in the German Parliament. In other countries vigorous agitation looking to like results is in progress.

A marked contrast is presented between the action of the German Emperor and the proposed course of the Legislature of the State of New York concerning the same subject. While there it is designed to abridge, here the proposition is to enlarge as much as possible the present generous facilities for the production of drunkenness and the increase of crime and wretchedness. In Germany, where the prevalent views on the subject of strong drink are supposed to be loose and immoral, as compared with the views entertained in this country, it is proposed to forbid the sale of liquor to persons under sixteen years of age and to persons visibly intoxicated, and to authorize the appointment of guardians for those habitual inebriates who appear determined, in their devotion to the sacred and inalienable principle of personal liberty, to squander all their property and to leave their families in destitution. Other provisions propose that liquor-dealers shall be required to see that drunken persons are taken to their homes or handed over to the police for safe keeping. Furthermore, they are forbidden to give credit to their patrons.

No such hardships as these are imposed upon the liquor-dealers of this State. In fact, they have everything pretty much as they wish. But they are so dissatisfied with the few existing disabilities that they propose to ask new legislation in their interest. They have not yet formulated in set terms their demands upon the Legislature, but from some indica-

tions it is likely that the basal principle of this legislation will be "home rule,"—that is, that the control of the traffic shall be relegated to local commissioners of excise, to be elected or appointed in some way not yet determined. As to another point, a definite conclusion has been reached. In order to eliminate from our civilization as much as possible the absurd American idea of a sacred and quiet Sabbath, it has been decided that saloons shall be allowed to keep open from 1 P.M. on Sunday until 1 A.M. on Monday. In return for this privilege the liquor-dealers generously agree to close at midnight on Saturday and remain closed until the afternoon of the following day. To insure to the poor laboring man compelled to work all night the enjoyment of his natural right to squander on drink the money needed by his family, it has been determined that saloons in the vicinity of his place of employment shall not be required to close like those more advantageously situated for mid-day traffic; they are to be permitted to remain open all night. Finally, it has been decided to suppress those annoying persons who are now allowed by law to see that liquor-dealers, who are supposed to be just "as honest and upright as any other class of business men," do not sell during prohibited hours. To effect this wholesome object, it is to be declared a misdemeanor for any public officer or the agent of any association to enter a saloon when it is required to be closed, to ascertain whether the sale of liquor is in progress.

It is possible that a measure embodying these provisions may become a law, but there ought to be power enough in a righteous public opinion to prevent the enactment, even by the present remarkable Legislature, of a law so utterly vicious, and so full of peril to the best interests of society.

MINISTER EGAN.

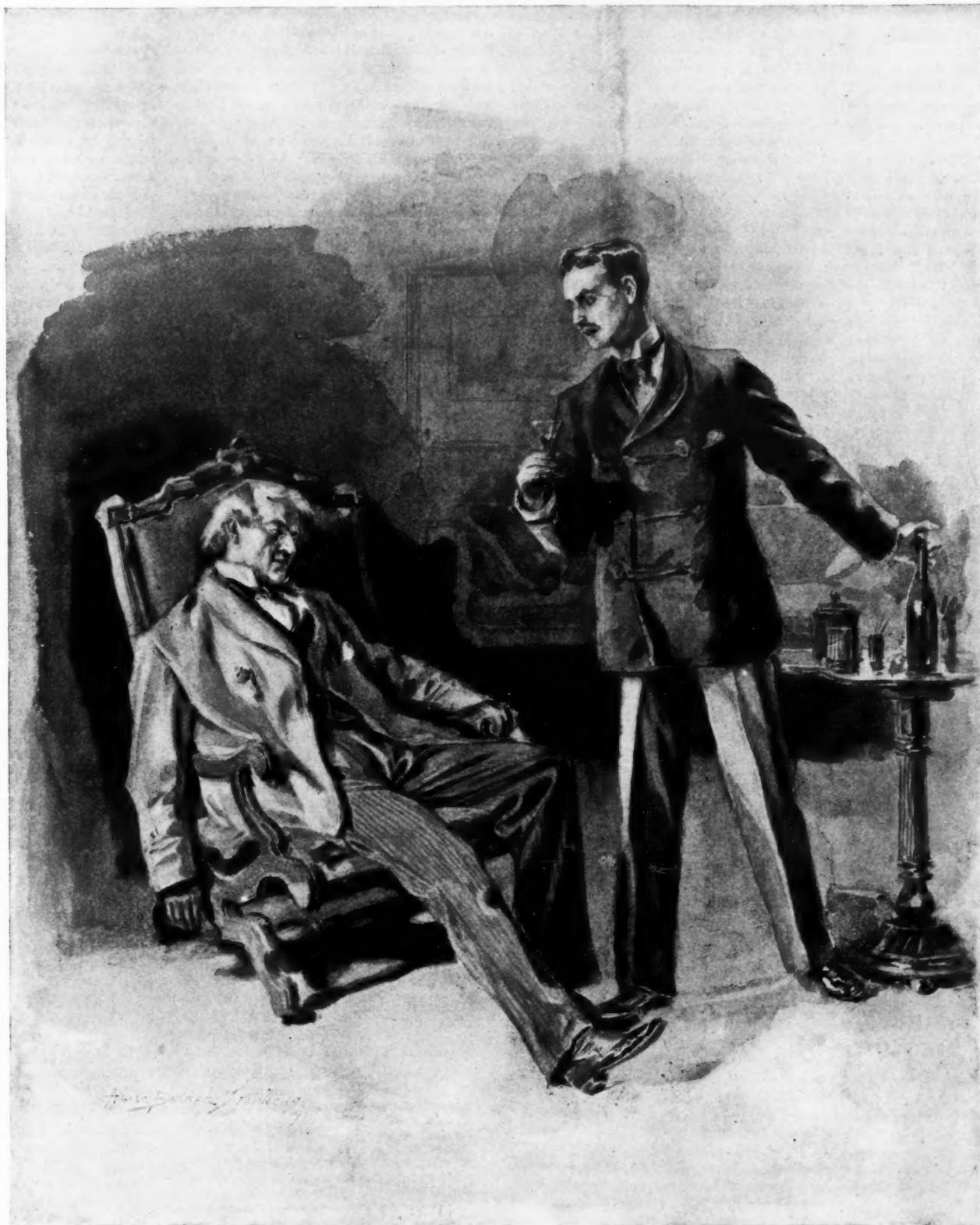
It is undoubtedly true that the appointment of Hon. Patrick Egan, a naturalized citizen, as Minister to Chili was regarded by a large body of our people as at least infelicitous, if not a serious blunder. It was felt that, in view of the efforts which were making to establish a closer union of all the Americas, a position of so much importance should have been filled by a native-born American, and withal a man trained in diplomacy and thoroughly representative of our best statesmanship and the dominant impulses of our national life. This feeling has even colored the popular thought to some extent during the progress of the Chilean difficulty, its intensity being aggravated by studied misrepresentations from interested sources. But the publication of the diplomatic correspondence accompanying the President's message shows that Mr. Egan has been misjudged; that he has proved himself an able, expert, and courageous controversialist, as well as a superb defender of the rights and honor of the government and people he represents. In a word, he is vindicated from every charge made against him, and the public generally will agree fully with the President when he says:

"Whatever may have been said in this country or in Chili in criticism of Mr. Egan, our Minister at Santiago, the true history of the exciting period in Chilean affairs, from the outbreak of the revolution until this time, discloses no act on the part of Mr. Egan unworthy of his position, or that could justly be the occasion of serious animadversion or criticism. He has, I think, on the whole borne himself, in very trying circumstances, with dignity, discretion, and courage, and conducted the correspondence with ability, courtesy, and fairness."

It was not to be expected, of course, that Mr. Egan would prove acceptable to the British influences in Chili, and we need not be surprised that British capitalists have done everything in their power to foment discord between the Chileans and himself, and increase the difficulties of his position. These intermeddlers, however, are none the less censurable for their unfriendly course—a course which goes far to create a suspicion that John Bull's expressions of friendship, so generously indulged in when it costs nothing to deal in fine words, are, after all, in many cases mere hollow pretense.



SKETCHES AT THE TENTH ANNUAL DINNER OF THE CLOVER CLUB, OF PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 10.]



"The excitement had proved too much for him. Sturtevant was dead!"

MR. STURTEVANT'S STRANGE HISTORY.

BY ARTHUR STEVENS KIMBALL.

OURS was a very quiet boarding-house. There were only about twenty of us, and most of this number consisted of married couples, staid and retiring. It was one of those places where each one was supposed to know everybody else, although there was never that warm sociability that generally characterizes the dwellers at such places.

Our landlord was a retired sea-captain, aged about three-score, who, tired of the sea, had come down to this bustling town, and, careful to find a house far enough away from the centre of business to secure comparative quiet, had advertised for boarders. He had commenced with but a few, but on account of the popularity of his establishment had gradually moved into larger quarters, until at length he had blossomed out into—as he often laughingly expressed it—"quite a hotel-keeper."

His wife was very much like him; of rugged New Hampshire stock, she seemed a typical helpmeet to her worthy spouse.

I had heard of the place through a former boarder, and my tastes naturally leading me to seek a quiet abode, I had come there about five years before, and still lingered on, thriving on my landlady's wholesome cooking, and mingling as seemed mutually agreeable with the other guests. These were, of course, not all permanent ones. Although our sailor-landlord and his wife had often expressed their aversion to transients, it nevertheless happened that they always had a considerable number of them, and while some of my table-companions had been steady boarders almost as long as I had, there was still a frequent coming and going, and an occasional new face breaking in upon us afforded fresh opportunity for gossip and conjecture.

Of a naturally retiring disposition, I had found but few since my residence in the house with whom I had cared to smoke a

social cigar, but one evening in November, a few years ago, there came among us a gentleman, my connection with whom I shall never forget.

He was a man rather below the medium height, and of a most peculiar appearance. His hair was rather long and of almost dazzling whiteness, while his hands and arms, long and bony, seemed to be continually out of place, and on certain occasions I had seemed to see them stretched out as if in a mute appeal for unseen aid. His eyes, however, were the most startling of all; they were very small and of intense brilliancy, and had an expression of unrest about them almost painful to see. No one knew where he had come from nor what his occupation. He gave his name as Andrew Sturtevant, and told the landlord that he had no idea how long he should stay; that it would depend upon a number of things. He was exceedingly quiet, and, although having very little to say to the other boarders, created a favorable impression.

It happened that he was placed at the table directly opposite me, and therefore, in addition to a considerable conversation between us at times, I was also enabled to note the play of his features and the searching and quick glances of his eyes. Although entering but rarely into the table conversation, he nevertheless had a ready ear to catch every utterance, and I could not help noticing how often he seemed to cringe and almost cower as the talk turned upon topics apparently distasteful to him. He had been with us about three weeks, and I alone of all in the house seemed to possess his confidence. Once or twice he had spent the evening in my apartments. These calls I had often returned, and a certain bond of sympathy had been gradually strengthening between us.

One evening at dinner he seemed more than usually depressed;

he did not converse with any one, even in his usual quiet way, and appeared anxious to get away from the dining-room as soon as possible. I had never seen him in quite such a condition before, but attributed it to some unpleasant matter of business that might have happened during the day, and for the time dismissed him from my mind.

It was a rainy evening. The skies seemed to be pouring down the accumulations of a long droughty spell, and the wind, whirling and whistling around the corners of the old-fashioned house, made a melancholy music as I sat in my favorite arm-chair, reveling in the riches of a late magazine. It was only about nine o'clock, but as I opened my door and looked out into the hall there seemed over everything the stillness of death. Outside the wind whistled against the casements and the rain rattled the glass; within, everything was like the tomb. But of a sudden, while I sat there, there came a muffled knock at my door. Without waiting to imagine who my visitor might be, I bade the knocker come in. The door creaked open and Sturtevant entered. He was deathly pale and his eyes, like those of Poe's raven, "had all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming." His appearance alone was enough to cause a more courageous person than I considered myself to be to quake with fear, but, added to that, I saw that he bore in his hand, uplifted, an open razor.

The sight was too sudden not to alarm me, but my best instincts told me that a bold courage and an apparent unconcern would be my best weapons. I therefore remained in my seat and awaited developments, without an appreciable quiver of the muscles.

"I trust that I do not alarm you, Mr. Bertram," Sturtevant uttered this sentence immediately upon entering the room,

although in all conscience he had seemed to me to be standing there with that razor uplifted for an almost infinite period of time.

"I beg your pardon if I have startled you in the least," he continued, and as he spoke, quietly closed up the razor and putting it into an inner pocket of his dressing-gown he seated himself, or rather stumbled, into a chair, and taking out his handkerchief, wiped his brow with a few quick strokes of his hand.

If I had experienced any fear before, it was all banished now. I saw before me, not a lunatic nor a desperado, but only what seemed to me the wreck of a life. I had often wondered what his history might be, for an unusual one I had always been sure it was, and now I felt confident that I was to hear it.

"My friend," he began, "for I feel that you have been that to me, how old are you?" I told him that I was twenty-three. "Yes," he said, "I thought so; I thought so. It was just about my own age. I was only twenty-two on that night, thirty-six years ago this very day, as I sat in my room reading to myself as you have been reading to-night. Happy, oh, so happy, I was then, and had always been, but oh, never again—never after that night!"

The recollections were too much for him, and his utterances were drowned in a flood of tears. I felt as though I must throw my arms about him and mingle my sympathy with his grief, but I could not, and for a few moments which seemed hours I waited in silence while his intense sufferings were almost agonizing to me.

But although his grief was undoubtedly great, his control over himself was even greater; with a desperate effort he aroused himself from his sobbing and his face assumed once more the intense yearning look that I had so often noticed.

"I was the happiest of young men at that time," he went on; "I had received my degree at Oxford the spring before, and with an abundance of means I had come to America for an extended tour of the country, previous to settling down to professional pursuits in Liverpool. Upon reaching the States I had gone immediately to New Orleans, in hopes of meeting an old friend of my father's, from whom I intended to fortify myself with all the needed information for a pleasure tour through the continent. I was therefore not a little disappointed and sorrowfully surprised to find, upon reaching that city, that he had died some months before I sailed.

"I knew no one else in the city, but, attracted by its quaint architecture and its historical traditions, I resolved to remain a while and study its beauty. I selected a modest boarding-house on a side street, and plunged into the sight-seeing with eagerness. At first I always went alone, but upon making some inquiries one evening in regard to a certain point of interest, one of my fellow-boarders kindly offered to go with me the next day.

"I had known but little of him before, and as he was nearly twice my own age, I had no idea that he would care to have me for a companion. We seemed, however, to have a good many tastes in common, and thereafter were almost always seen together.

"I had never noticed anything very peculiar about his conduct until one day as we happened to stand on the summit of one of the loftiest buildings of the city, when he suddenly turned to me and exclaimed, 'Throw me over, Sturtevant!' I laughed at this seeming pleasantry, but he grasped me fiercely and ejaculated, 'I mean it; throw me over!' My only answer was to turn quickly to the stairs and as rapidly as possible descend to the street. I can hardly say I was alarmed, although I must confess that I was a little bewildered by his actions.

"That was the last time that I allowed myself on the street with him. In fact, I perhaps rather sought to avoid him thereafter. He did not seem to care particularly, however, and for a few days I saw but little of him.

"How slight a thought I had of what was to come! It was on a Sunday night. I had seen about everything in New Orleans, and with my railroad guide before me I was engaged in mapping out a route which would take me into different scenes. My little clock had just struck ten, and I was sitting languidly in my chair, as you were to-night, when the door opened, and without sign or warning my fellow-boarder entered.

"You were perhaps alarmed at my entering in the way I did to-night, but pray believe me when I say that at certain intervals in my life the dreadful sight and the terrible occurrences of that night so long ago come up so vividly to me, that almost without thinking I am attempting to act them out in all their horrible imagery, although God knows I would almost give my life to forget them.

"To say that I was startled at his appearance would fall short of the truth—the occurrence on the house-top came rushing back upon me like a whirlwind. I had felt then that if not insane he was fast approaching that condition; I felt sure of it now.

"But what could I do? And even as I stood

almost rooted to the floor he quietly turned the key in the lock, and removing it, placed it in one of his pockets as he stepped between me and the only window in the room.

"My first impulse had been to cry out, but there was little opportunity for that now. My chamber was considerably detached from the main portion of the house, and through the thick panels of the door it would have been hardly possible to force sound with a trumpet. I was in dismay. He was almost a giant in stature, while I, as you see, am small and slight. I endeavored in my mind to divine his purpose. Was it to kill me? I asked myself, while the cold drops of perspiration covered my forehead. I tried to advance toward him, to utter his name, to demand what this all meant, to overcome him perhaps by my very imperturbability, but it was of no use. I was as though fastened in stocks. My arms could not move; my lips could not articulate. I raised my eyes to his but could gain no relief.

"There he stood, with the same remorseless expression on his face, and with the razor uplifted in his hand. My limbs seemed about to give way under me, but I felt that now if ever there was need of the highest self-control, and by a supreme effort kept myself from falling.

"Seconds seemed hours as I stood there, until of a sudden the terrible silence was broken by his voice as, thrusting toward me the opened razor, he shouted, 'Sturtevant, cut my throat!' I stood aghast. He seemed to grow impatient. 'Do you hear what I say? I mean it,' he ejaculated. 'Take this razor and cut my throat. Cut it good and deep. No trifling! I won't have it.'

"I tried to arouse myself. Surely, I thought, this must be a dream. I had been asleep. But anon it flashed over me that it was no vision, but a terrible reality. My eyes seemed to grow dim; the flickering lamp-light seemed to expand into an immense conflagration, enveloping the whole room in its fury. The monotonous tick, tick of the clock sounded to my ears like the roll of distant thunder.

"Oh, that I might speak!—for I felt that one word of argument or appeal would change his purpose. I attempted by a sudden effort to reach and raise the window, that I might summon some one to my aid. I was too slow, however, and as he grasped me roughly and flung me back I felt that I was but as a child in his hands.

"Time was passing. He turned to the clock. 'Sturtevant,' he almost shouted, 'listen to me. I crave death—crave it as the bird craves the air or the fish the sea. I must die, and to-night. But listen, Sturtevant, not by my own hand; never. Some one must help me, and who better than you? Look at the clock. It now lacks a minute of half-past ten. I will give you just that long to do as I bid you—to cut my throat. If you do not do it, I warn you, I will cut yours. You hear me,' he shouted, 'in one minute I will cut yours!'

Seemingly overwhelmed by the horror of this terrible remembrance, and with the tears again rolling down his cheeks, Sturtevant turned to me as he cried: 'Bertram, what could I do? I was young and just entering upon the enjoyments of wealth. I did so want to live—I so dreaded to die. What would you have done? What would anybody have done in my place?'

"There was but little time for reflection. I looked into the cold, relentless eyes before me, but saw no single gleam of hope. But fifteen seconds left—now ten—now five. I grasped the keen blade. For a moment it glittered in the air. It was now too late for any sort of retreat. I reached forward and made a sudden sideway motion, then I gave one sharp, quick blow, and all was over."

During all this narration Sturtevant had apparently been suffering the most extreme agony, and as he gradually approached the climax of his recital his appearance was almost maddening. For a moment he appeared about to sink into a swoon, but by a seemingly remarkable exercise of will-power he recovered himself, and leaning against the mantel, wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow.

He stood for a considerable time in this position while the horrors of the story I had just heard seemed to repeat themselves over and over to me. Outside, the wind whistled and the rain dashed against the casements, while the constantly recurring lightning flashes were emblazoned on the sky with increasing brilliancy. The silence in the room was almost unbearable. Greatly as I desired to hear the remainder of the story, I could not voice myself to ask it.

But after a few moments more Sturtevant seemed calmer and went on. It seemed to me like a weird and romantic fancy as he told of the events that happened after the death of his friend: of his mingled agony, remorse, and dismay; of the many plans of concealment or escape that crept one by one into his fevered brain; of his final decision to arouse the household and tell them the true story; of the astonished and terror-stricken listeners; of their incredulity as

he narrated to them the events leading up to the terrible tragedy.

In hurried words he told me of his arrest, his preliminary examination, of his trial, of his frantic efforts to induce the judge and jury to believe his story, of his conviction and his long sentence of forty years, of his mental and physical sufferings during this long period, until at the expiration of his term he had stepped out from the portals of the prison an object only of pity; as he himself sadly expressed it—"a rudeness hulk on the raging sea of life."

His tale had been a long one, and as I opened my shutters to let in a breath of fresh air I could see in the east the faint glimmer of light which heralded the dawn of another day.

I had forgotten the need of sleep, and had cared for nothing else but the story to which I had listened. "What is justice?" I cried to myself. "Where is Heaven's mercy, that permits such suffering and such expiation for a crime which was not a crime, for a disaster so far-reaching and terrible in its results?"

Sturtevant had again been for some time silent, but of a sudden he grasped my hand in an apparent paroxysm of agony. His eyes looked into mine with an expression of sadness such as I never desire to witness again in any human being. His whole frame shook with emotion as he cried: "Bertram, what is there left for me? The ambitions, the hopes, the desires of my youth, all are gone. I have come out from prison only to find my friends dead, my family scattered, and my fortune demolished. I have no heart for anything now. Whatever I essay to do, there arises always before me the ghost of a crime that God knows I never committed, and my waking and sleeping hours are filled with the echoes of my relentless enemy, Despair."

Again he was silent. For a while, however, as he held my hand, I could feel his whole body vibrate with suppressed emotion. He was indeed an object to be pitied.

But of a sudden, as I sat looking at him, a change seemed to pass over him—a pallor that was terrible in its intensity overspread his cheeks, his lips, his brow. I hastily stepped across the room and poured out a wineglassful of a stimulating drink. As I turned, the shafts of the morning sun gilded the walls and touched my friend's face with an almost divine beauty. I reached forward the sparkling fluid, that he might drink it and be refreshed, but he could not take it. The intense excitement he had just been passing through had proved too much for him.

Sturtevant was dead!

ACROST THE TOP O' THE BARS.

RUTHIE an' me, we wuz neighbors,
An' hed ben fer yars an' yars;
Atween us a ole Virginny fence
With a handy pair o' bars.
An' Ruth an' me frum childhood
Hed got in a sort o' way
O' comin' each to our side the fence,
Jest at the end o' the day,
Fer ter keep up a neighborly feelin',
An' gossip a little, perhaps,
Prophecies 'bout the weather,
An' talkin' about the crops,
A-lingerin' along in the twilight
(We'd done it fer yars an' yars),
Exchangin' of neighborly intrust
Acrost the top o' the bars.

We begun it when I wuz a shaver
An' Ruth wuz a mite o' a girl,
With eyes big ez blue chiny sassers
An' hair allers tryin' ter curl
In spite o' their efforts ter smooth it
An' braid it up spick an' span
(Fer Ruthie's folks they wuz Quakers—
B'lieved plainness wuz part o' God's plan).
An' Ruthie an' me we wuz playmates,
An' tho' we'd git spunky an' riled,
We allers cooled down a-towards evenin'
An' met at the fence, calm an' mild,
Ter sorter review the events o' the day
An' chat about this an' 'bout that;
Ter relate how the hens hed stole out their nests,
An' the hired man hed drowned the cat.
A-lingerin' along in the twilight
(We'd done it fer yars an' yars),
Exchangin' of neighborly intrust
Acrost the top o' the bars.

An' some how er other, the older
'At Ruthie an' me peared ter git
The more store we sot by that ole fence.
An' the curesist part of it yit
Wuz thet when we both wuz raley growed up,
Ruthie, fair, blue-eyed, with gold locks,
An' me a great feller with whiskers,
A-standin' six feet in my socks,
We kept comin' just ez we allers hed done,
An' we allers found plenty ter say
When we met fer a chat by the ole rail fence,
Jest at the end o' the day.
An' onct, when the full moon wuz shinin',
An' Ruthie looked uncommon fair—
I think 'twuz the spell o' the moonlight—
But I lost my head then an' there,
An' I wondered how in creation
I hed never thort of it afore—
Thet Ruth wuz the one livin' woman
'At I could love an' adore.
An' some way my lips they found Ruthie's
As we lingered under the stars,
Exchangin' of neighborly intrust
Acrost the top o' the bars.

ELIZABETH A. VERE.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE spirit of helpfulness which is so largely characteristic of our modern civilization nowhere finds better exemplification than in the efforts which are made for the elevation of women, the enlargement of their privileges, and the promotion of their comfort. The eminence now enjoyed by women in this particular, as contrasted with their condition and environment in former times, affords, indeed, an illustration of the progress of humanity along the lines of healthful growth which is in every way wonderful. Every city of any considerable size in this country now has its institutions designed especially for the benefit of women. New York has scores of such institutions, and among them all none is more largely useful than the Young Women's Christian Association, which has come to hold so large a place in public regard.

This institution is situated on Fifteenth Street, near Fifth Avenue, the home in which it is housed being a handsome stone building, pictures of which are given elsewhere. Directly in the rear of it, facing on Sixteenth Street, is the Margaret Louisa Home. The entrance to the Young Women's Christian Association building is attractive and imposing. Passing its portal, the first impression made upon the visitor is most agreeable. The broad hall, with its polished hard-wood floor, seems to offer a spacious hospitality which makes one feel thoroughly at home. The fancy-work department is found on the right, with its inviting display of artistically-arranged goods, while to the left, at the far end of the hall, is a roomy elevator, by which access is obtained to the upper floors. Ascending to the fifth floor we find the art galleries in all their various branches—clay modeling, free-hand and mechanical drawing, drawing from life and casts, retouching, photo-coloring, etc. The studio has a fine collection of good casts, ranging from the simple cube forms to the full-length figure. To this department has been added, since October last, photogravure. A class in physical culture is held on this floor evenings, its exercises being opened by an instructive health talk by the very enthusiastic teacher. A normal class for teachers is also held on this floor.

On the third floor are the typewriting, book-keeping, business training, commercial arithmetic, and writing classes, which also hold evening sessions. In addition to these classes are those in needlework, cutting, and fitting. These are very interesting, and the pupils show decided talent in this very important branch of education. Here can be seen the finest of needlework and the most perfect cutting and fitting. Business-training classes are specially intended to improve the very often indifferent education of the working-woman, thereby increasing her value in clerical work.

On the second floor are the classes in stenography, the library, chaplain's office, and a business office beside. The library is a beautiful room. Its floor is of polished hard wood, carpeted with the best Brussels made in rug shape. The numerous book shelves are well filled with the works of the best authors, classified according to their subjects, the system used being the decimal classification as arranged by Mr. Melvil Dewey, librarian of the State of New York, who has done so much toward making library work a scientific profession. One special attraction of the library is that its readers are allowed direct access to the shelves, a privilege seldom accorded. The library contains 15,408 books for circulation and 848 for reference. The reading-room adjoining has 118 periodicals, and is very popular, so much so that it is often uncomfortably crowded.

The library, including the reading-room, has no endowment fund, nor is it replenished from the treasury of the association. It relies solely for its increase on special gifts of books and money.

The first floor contains the hall, which is the most beautiful room in the building. It has a capacity for seating 550 persons. Besides this room are the parlors, fancy-work department, and employment bureau.

The parlör is a large room, beautifully furnished in bronze and dark blue velvet, at the left of the entrance. Its hangings blend harmoniously with the surrounding colors. Small closets at one side of the room are filled with games of all kinds and descriptions. The walls are hung with the finest of paintings and engravings. A grand piano stands in one corner, and there are dainty tables scattered about.

The fancy-work department is a charming arrangement of colors. Here can be seen dainty screens both in hand-painting and embroidery, scarfs in designs too numerous to mention, fancy bags, etc. The prices for these articles are very reasonable considering the exquisite needlework and painting. Orders can be given in the needlework department on the third floor at very reasonable rates, and are promptly filled.

This entire building is devoted wholly to educational purposes. There are no sleeping apart-

ments in it. It is connected with the Margaret Louisa Home from the first floor, and guests from that house can visit the association without going outside, if so inclined.

Chapel exercises are held every Sunday afternoon in the hall, in connection with the Bible-class, at three o'clock. Devotional meeting every Tuesday evening at 7:45. During the year there are courses of free entertainments, concerts, and lectures, which are largely attended. The parlor is open every evening except Saturdays and Sundays from 7 to 9:30. There is always in attendance a hospitality committee. Mondays and Thursdays are devoted to social industry. This gives all who wish to avail themselves of the privilege an opportunity to learn in a social way knitting, darning, crocheting, and fancy work of all kinds. Wednesday evening is young girls' night, and they spend it delightfully in music, games, viewing pictures through the handsome stereoscopic instrument, etc. Tuesday and Friday evenings are given up to literary and musical socials. A concert and entertainment is given in the hall the last Monday evening of every month to self-supporting women, children under fifteen not being admitted.

THE MARGARET LOUISA HOME.

While the Young Women's Christian Association is a grand institution, and is doing a noble work, there was for a time one urgently felt need in connection with it. At the bureau of information inquiries were made almost daily by persons desiring to obtain a transient boarding-house. These inquiries were difficult to answer. The number of transient boarding-houses in the city is limited, and hotels are far too expensive for the average self-supporting woman. Out of this need grew a desire on the part of the Young Women's Christian Association to establish a home to accommodate women visiting the city for a limited time. This desire lay in the hearts of the managers as an unsolved problem until Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, one of the vice-presidents of the association, generously supplied the means to erect a lodging-house for women. Mrs. Shepard did this on condition that the association would assume its oversight and management, and on January 8th, 1891, the deeds of the property were formally transferred.

Many questions are constantly asked as to the cost of this beautiful building. Mrs. Shepard prefers that the question should remain unanswered. In point of fact, the value of her gift cannot be measured by dollars and cents. It has been truly said that this beautiful home is "at once a sermon and a poem in stone." I have read many accounts of it, but none that presents it as I have found it; and perhaps it is not an easy thing to describe it unless one has spent a few days within its spacious walls and seen and felt all the homelike comfort it offers to the many who desire a home while visiting the great metropolis. All who have availed themselves of this privilege undoubtedly appreciate it, as did the young girl who said one day in my hearing, "If Mrs. Elliott Shepard should never do another kindly deed during the rest of her life this one would gain her an entrance into heaven."

The corner-stone of the Margaret Louisa Home was laid on December 18th, 1889, and the building, which is of brown stone, designed by Mr. Robert H. Robertson, who also designed the main building of the association, was thrown open to the public January 19th, 1891. One of the best and most conspicuous features of the house is found in the light and ventilation admitted to every part of it. No sleeping-apartment is dark. All are well lighted by broad, deep windows, and ventilated by a shaft which supplies fresh air directly from the roof. A transom over each door affords additional ventilation from the halls.

The building is strictly fire-proof. The stairways are of stone. In the restaurant and lower halls the floors are of marble, and the wainscoting of tiles in soft rich coloring. The same tiling extends along the stairway to the top of the building. The wood-work is of hard-finished natural wood. The walls and ceilings are painted in warm, soft colors, blending beautifully with the furniture.

Four floors are devoted to bed-rooms. On the top floor, in addition to bed-rooms, are the linen and cedar closets, and a large laundry with all the modern machinery. The roof is paved with fire-proof bricks, and furnished with chairs and settees, and offers a most attractive resting-place for summer evenings.

Most of the sleeping-apartments are single rooms of comfortable size. The beds and washstands are of iron enameled white with brass mountings. The bureaus, chairs (every room has one rocking-chair), book-racks, and tables are of antique oak. Every bed-room contains ample closet space, and every closet a pretty chintz clothes-bag. The prettily decorated toilet wares, dainty china candlesticks, embroidered stand and bureau covers, muslin sash curtains,

waste-paper baskets, Oxford Bibles, and dainty satin banners with a pleasant greeting printed in gilt letters, all add to the homelikeness rarely if ever seen in a hotel or a boarding-house.

There are fifty-eight single and twenty-one double bed-rooms—one hundred beds in all. Of these twenty-five are occupied by employes and servants. The servants have their own private sitting-room. Every room is heated by steam and lighted by gas and electricity. The bath-rooms, which are free to guests, are unusually fine, having floors of white tile and facings of marble. The upper halls have oiled floors, as have also the bed-rooms, and are carpeted with the best Brussels, made in rug-shape for the rooms. Every hall contains an ice-cooler and a handsome clock. A commodious elevator is in constant use. A watchwoman is on duty during the entire night, which gives a feeling of security in case of sudden illness.

The parlors, which are on the first floor, are pretty and are tastefully furnished in olive effect. Choice engravings decorate the walls; there is an upright piano in one corner; a writing-desk, thrown open for the convenience of the guests in another; book-cases, well filled with the choicest literature of the day; tables strewn with magazines, daily and weekly papers, and many pretty, low reading-lamps. The broad mantel-pieces, with their rich tiling and andirons, are adorned with beautiful vases and clocks. Two graceful palms, one in each parlor, complete the furnishing of these cozy rooms.

Besides the parlors, restaurant, and private dining-room for employes, on this floor are many offices, all nicely furnished.

Family prayers are held daily in the parlors at 7:15 in the evening, followed by a praise service.

Lady Henry Somerset visited this delightful home a few weeks ago, and was very enthusiastic in her praises of the arrangement and general management of the house. *ELSIE G. WORTAM.*

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied; or she will make purchases for them without charge when their wishes are clearly specified.]

Snow and slush and fog in the streets; in the shops, bright and airy summer fabrics being devoured by hungry eyes of the fair sex, and bought by those who already know what they need for the coming season, and who have the wherewithal to get it. As in the prism blue and yellow blend into green, so in fashion's realm do the fancies of the season unite to form novelties for the coming one. For example, jet *clous*, or nail heads, which have been so popular throughout the fall and winter on cloth garments of all sorts, have reappeared on the cotton fabrics for summer, and the effect of an embroidered yellow batiste was heightened in the extreme by little jets being scattered in regular forms throughout the embroidery. The new embroidered mulls and batistes are handsomer than ever, and take on all the fashionable tints. There are also some novelties in printed cottons in fowlard patterns, which are soft, light, and cool, and are selling for twenty-five cents a yard. As for challies, they have reappeared in a heightened glory, and one pattern which especially struck my fancy at forty-eight cents a yard was in dark blue covered all over with little pin-head spots in white, with larger white disks at regular intervals. In a few moments I had pictured its charms when made up with blue ribbon velvet and white *point de Gène* lace.

Much as we may abuse the dismal, dirty, and depressing weather which we have been subjected to of late, it has at least one redeeming feature, for it makes us enjoy our homes tenfold, and conduces to an appreciation of the luxury of the tea-gown. It is such a haven of rest, and means a combination of comfort, grace, and picturesquequeness. A woman ceases to be tailor-made, and becomes at once supple and so cozy. One may be as elegant as she desires, in which case she may don a gown of the loveliest shade of deep heliotrope velvet, with a purple bloom upon it exactly like an unplucked plum. The back is pleated from the neck and falls gracefully to the hem. The front is also full, and over the shoulders is an idealized kind of a yoke-piece formed of heliotrope and gold passementerie, of which the belt is also made, while the frill at the throat is lined with the palest primrose-yellow silk, and the full sleeves are gathered into cuffs with deep points outlined with the passementerie. When one requires comfort in a simpler form, the tea-jacket is an eminently delightful innovation. A pretty one is made in black surah brocaded with a sprig of turquoise blue, with draped fronts and full under-sleeves of blue or pale pink China silk.

There is quite a revived fancy for sequins and spangles, and many of the most taking evening gowns have bodices or corselets completely covered with a silk and bead embroidery, inter-

persed with these, either in gold or silver, or rainbow-hued metal, or mother-of-pearl. In costumes where a combination of brocade is introduced, the pattern of brocade is frequently defined with spangles in harmonious colors. Some of the newest bonnets and hats, too, have crowns incrustated with spangles, that is when made of velvet. But the very latest spring fancies in head-gear are the daintiest confections of lace, jet, and spring flowers, such as violets, pansies, lilies-of-the-valley, and the like. The hats are inclined to be small, and all have strings of velvet.

What with receptions and "at homes" at the chivalrous clubs, as well as in our own and friends' houses, there is a wide scope for the designer's ingenuity. An elegant costume for these occasions is illustrated this week, and is made of heliotrope fancy corduroy cloth, in a graceful polonaise fashion, diagonally striped



RECEPTION COSTUME.

with black velvet ribbons alternating with lines of jet *clous*. It is draped to display a petticoat of heliotrope bengaline, and is caught together with handsome jet ornaments with pendent fringes. Round the arm-holes are bands of jet, while jet fringes hang from the elbows of the gathered over-sleeves, and the back widths of the skirt are made of the silk and arranged to fall into a fold at each side.

A parting word about wedding gowns—they are simple and elegant, as a rule, made of white satin, rich in quality, and sometimes with an ivory tint, having only a festooned flounce of fine lace on the skirt, a yoke or corselet and epaulets to correspond, with a garniture of orange-blossoms heading the flounce and outlining the yoke. The back of the gown is almost invariably in princess form.

ELLA STARR.

DEMAGOGISM IN ILLINOIS REBUKED.

THE Illinois alien land law is threatened with the same fate that has overtaken the alien land law of Texas. It has already been branded as unconstitutional by the State circuit court, and now that it has been taken before the supreme court on an appeal, the belief is that this decision will be confirmed. The law was passed in June, 1887. At that time the alleged misdeeds of William Scully and several other large alien land-owners in Illinois had aroused great indignation. They were charged with enforcing a system of rack-renting hardly less barbarous than that of the Irish landlords. Demagogues seized the occasion to demand the enactment of a law that would drive them out of the State at the earliest possible moment. But more rational counsels prevailed. The law provided only "that a non-resident alien, firm of aliens, or corporation incorporated under the laws of any foreign country shall be capable of acquiring title to or holding any lands or real estate in this State by descent, devise, purchase, or otherwise."

It was in the partition suit to distribute the estate of Charles L. Schultz, a naturalized German citizen of Illinois, that the question of constitutionality just decided was raised. Two of his heirs live in Germany. It was argued in court that as they were subjects of the Emperor they could not inherit under the alien land law of Illinois. But it was shown in rebuttal that the treaty between the United States and Germany guarantees to the subjects

of the Emperor the right to hold real estate in any part of the Union. The contention that the alien land law was, therefore, unconstitutional was sustained by the court. Although the case has been appealed, the decision thus reached in so direct and rational a way is not likely to be reversed.

LIFE INSURANCE.—QUERIES.

THE rush of the benefit orders into bankruptcy continues apace, and it is a pleasure to know that the officers of some of them are getting their just deserts. The late "Supreme Treasurer" of the Mutual One-year Benefit Order has been called to answer in court in Boston to the charge of embezzling \$30,000 of the order's funds, and the officers of the order of the Fraternal Circle, one of the two-year benefit schemes in Boston, have also been arrested, charged with the receiving and aiding in the concealment of property valued at \$50,000, a portion of the funds of the order. In Saco Me., the leading officers of the Friendly Aid Society, local branch, have been indicted for violating the insurance laws; and in Providence, R. I., the manager of the Reliable Benefit Order has been arraigned for violating the insurance laws of that State.

The crash of all these short-term lottery insurance schemes has come. In a year from now we will hear no more of them, except from the complaints of their dupes, scattered far and wide throughout the country. In this connection, I want to advise my readers to watch carefully the annual reports of the various insurance companies, which are now being printed in the columns of this paper. They tell the story of the past year's business. Any man can readily see if a statement is honestly made (and it must be if it follows out the law), what the condition of a company is.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

EVANSVILLE, IND., JANUARY 12TH, 1892. *Hermit*:—Please answer in your insurance column if the Order of Equity is safe and sound to invest in.

I remain, *SUBSCRIBER.*

Ans.—The Order of Equity is not familiar to me. If it is one of the short-term orders of the bond scheme variety, I caution my reader to be very careful how he goes into it. If he will send me some facts regarding it, or some of its literature, I will reply more definitely.

LYNN, MASS., JANUARY 19TH, 1892. *Hermit*:—Will you be kind enough to inform me, through your column, what you know of the Helping Hand? I believe it is a seven-year order, and their headquarters are in this city. Would it be wise to leave it alone? I am, Very respectfully yours, *LYNN.*

Ans.—I think the Helping Hand does no business in this State. If it is an order that promises more than any of the well-regulated companies promise, I certainly would leave it alone; or if it has any of the gambling element about it I would drop it.

BALTIMORE, JANUARY 12TH, 1892. *The Hermit*:—I have policies in the following company and orders. Please tell me if I had better increase my policies with any of them when I place more insurance. The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co., of Newark, N. J. I have \$2,000 with this company, just taken out. Fraternal Mystic Circle, of Columbus, Ohio, \$3,000; Golden Chain, \$3,000; Equitable League, of Baltimore, \$1,000; Order of Tont, \$1,000.

Respectfully, *A. E. B.*

Ans.—The first mentioned company, the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, of Newark, N. J., is the best of those mentioned by "A. E. B." The Fraternal Mystic Circle had an income during 1890 of \$111,000 and its disbursements were \$101,000. This is running business on a pretty close basis. The Golden Chain does a very small business, on which it reported in 1890 a balance of invested assets of only \$5,000. I should not think that this was a very heavy company. The Equitable League I know nothing about. The order of Tont I have already alluded to. I think "A. E. B." could get much better security than he has in his insurance assessment orders if he would take some insurance in the Mutual Life, Equitable Life, or the New York Life of this city. If he wants an assessment company let him take the great Mutual Reserve of New York, with its three millions of invested assets.

OSWEGO, N. Y., JANUARY 12TH, 1892. *The Hermit*:—Kindly give me what information you will regarding the Building and Loan Association of Dakota. Home offices of this association are at Aberdeen, Dak. I have the opportunity of purchasing five shares, par value \$500, at very favorable terms, but have some fear of the solvency of the institution. Very truly, *C. F. B.*

Ans.—I cannot give any information, with reference to building and loan associations because my column treats solely of life insurance.

PUEBLO, COL., JANUARY 16TH, 1892. *The Hermit*:—Can you inform a young insurance agent where to buy insurance literature bearing on the Royal Arcanum? Have been knocked out by a certificate-holder, and hope to get back at him. I read you with interest but pin my faith to the Penn. Yours, *G. S.*

Ans.—If "G. S." represents any of the great companies I advise him to apply to his home office for the information he seeks. I have no doubt he will find plenty of it. Royal Arcanum has something in its favor and has been quite successful, but a heavy death rate, without a continuous large increase in its membership, would speedily affect its standing. Wait and see.

A correspondent at Tacoma, Wash., asks if the following is true:

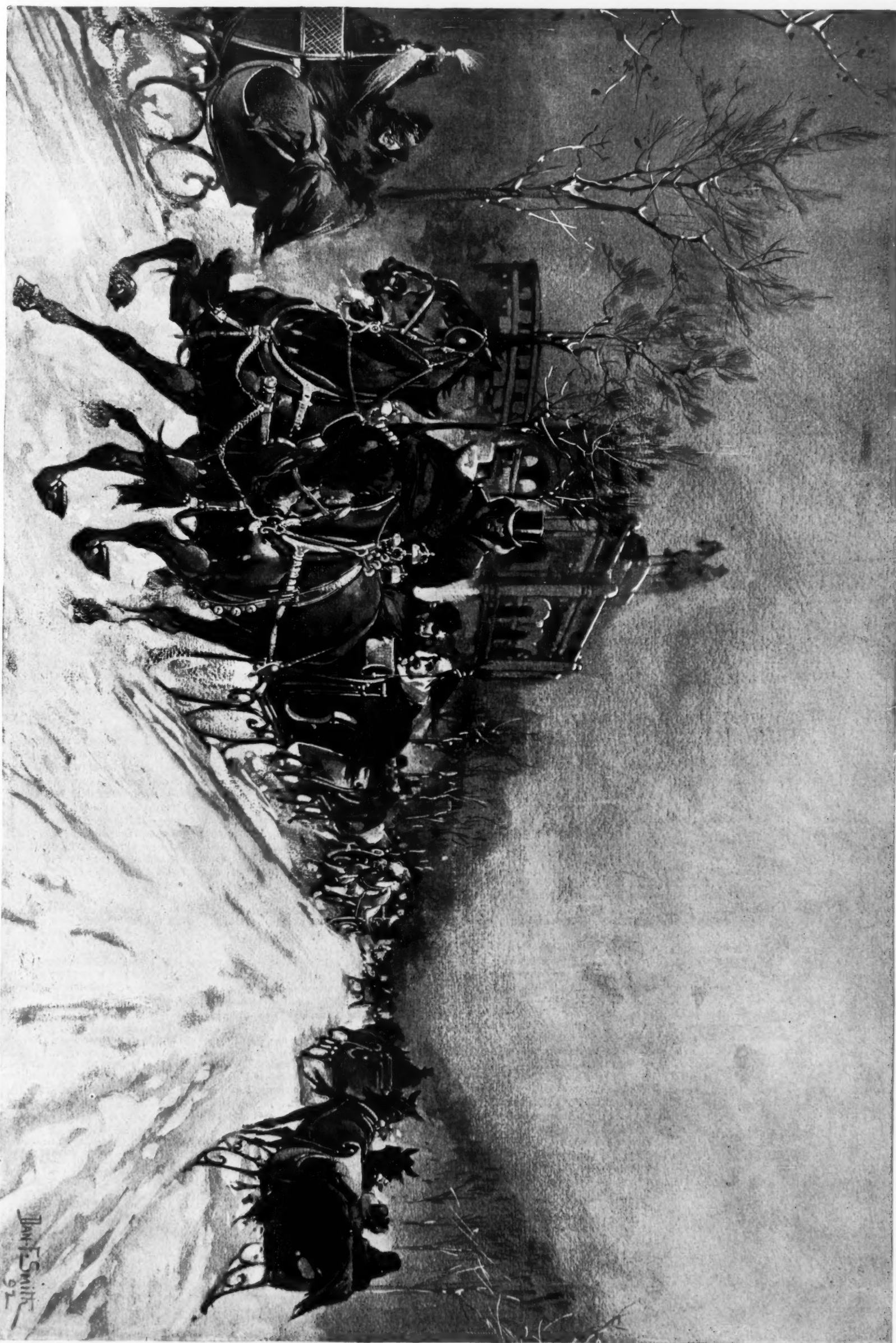
The Earl of Dudley holds the largest life insurance ever effected, the amount being \$6,000,000. Second in the list, it is said, comes Mr. Wanamaker, whose policies of \$5,250,000 exceed that of the Czar of all the Russias by \$250,000. Fourth comes the Prince of Wales, whose life is insured for \$2,625,000. —*Portland Oregonian*, December 16th, 1891.

It is impossible for me to know what insurance is carried by the Czar of Russia or the Earl of Dudley. Mr. Wanamaker is very heavily insured, though I think the amount stated in the paragraph is largely exaggerated.

The Hermit



1. THE MODELING CLASS, Y. W. C. A. 2. THE ART CLASS, Y. W. C. A. 3. THE ENTRANCE, Y. W. C. A. 4. A "SOCIAL INDUSTRIAL" IN THE PARLOR, Y. W. C. A. 5. A NEW COMER, THE "MARGARET LOUISA" HOME. 6. THE "MARGARET LOUISA" RESTAURANT. 7. IN THE REFERENCE-ROOM, Y. W. C. A. 8. A CORNER OF THE READING-ROOM, Y. W. C. A. NEW YORK CITY.—VIEWS OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AND OF THE MARGARET LOUISA HOME.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS. [SEE PAGE 6.]



SLEIGHING IN CHICAGO—SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD.—DRAWN BY D. F. SMITH.—[SEE PAGE 13.]

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

EXPOSURE.

I HAD intended this paper to be on "Exposure and Development," but the latter subject must wait for a more convenient season, as my space is limited. With all that has been written on both subjects there is still much to be said, as most writers have dealt with them altogether too technically, and the beginner is either utterly discouraged or throws himself on the various labor-saving appliances so freely advertised, with the inevitable result that his work proclaims itself to be, on its face, machine work. It is my hope to assist beginners by giving some few simple but important suggestions, and by translating into every-day English some of the directions usually so very scientifically given that not one beginner in ten can understand them. It is not intended, however, and it would be a mistaken kindness, to make an easy grade, asphalt pavement up the hill. Difficulty. Rules for exposure, even if stated at length, are generally followed, as in grammar, by exceptions, and the whole thing resolves itself into telling one to use his own judgment. It may often be the case, though, as a friend once said to me, "I have just as much judgment as any one, if it is not always so good."

Starting out with a well-made camera and tripod, but especially a good lens, and last but not least, a set of diaphragms to be used very carefully, I would advise undertaking landscapes first, as more simple than any other branch of work, though, like all the others, it requires careful attention; and when I say landscapes I do not mean including marines, when a quick shutter is needed, as the two situations require very different treatment. Remember that the seasons have a very important bearing on outdoor work, that the actinic power of light varies considerably between spring and autumn and between a yellow and a blue day.

It is well, whenever possible, to choose a slightly overcast day for work, with only occasional sunlight, and not, unless obliged to do so, try any picture-taking in the middle of the day. Let the light strike the objects at an angle, and do not, I beg of you, unless absolutely compelled, photograph anything company front, but a little to one side. Fine atmospheric effects have been gained on a hazy day, beautiful moonlight views just before sunset, and I have one of my own called "Early Morning" which was taken exactly at noon. Do not attempt such work to begin with, and do not waste plates on every view which strikes your fancy at the moment. Look at it more than once before deciding to take it, and have enough strength of mind to decline making an exposure unless everything is favorable. On long journeys, when it has been impossible to visit a certain point more than once, and that once at a time when the light was poor, I have yielded to temptation and made an exposure, only to regret it. Such negatives are much more trouble to develop than a properly exposed one, and never can be as good with all your pains. So it is an excellent rule with which to begin your photographic career—aim to secure quality rather than quantity, and as a general thing select simple subjects. Don't start out immediately to take all your family and friends.

The great objection to hand-cameras is the difficulty of getting a good focus, having the lines really straight, and coming anywhere near a correct idea as to time. In marine views I have seen the horizon line tip as if all the ocean was likely to run down hill, and in architectural scenes the vertical lines were much nearer each other at the top than at the bottom of the picture. Most of the above, I should state, were the result of personal experience. Some workers recommend sinking a spirit-level in the camera, but it is hard to keep track of both level and finder, to say nothing of the shutter or cap. Something is sure to be left out of the picture which you particularly wish in it, or else you find you have miscalculated your distance, and everything is out of focus. All things considered, I urge on all beginners who think of buying a hand-camera to take *Punch's* advice to persons about to marry—"Don't."

As wind is a troublesome element in landscape work let me recommend securing the focusing cloth on the camera by a rubber band and not try to hold it and focus at the same time. Unless you have a superfluity of time, patience or money, of which you are anxious to rid yourself, learn to use a tripod camera thoroughly before you touch anything else. You may occasionally amuse yourself with a "detective" when you have a day off, but you will always fall back on the first-named for all specially valuable work. Hoods are now made to shade the lens, and will save you from a similar experience to one of my own, when I was obliged to build a framework of branches and draw the cloth over it to protect my lens which, to gain a certain view, was forced to directly face the sun. Do not allow yourself to suppose for a moment that anything which is likely to

improve your results is too much trouble, and consider only what will best gain that end.

As to length of exposure, there are two or three exposure meters in the market which have their uses, but one grows to depending on them and finally becomes something of a mental cripple. Don't, after one failure, make the blunder of giving a snow scene the same exposure as a well-wooded landscape and then wonder your plate appears as if fogged. Do not think, either,



A SUCCESSFUL NEGATIVE.

that hastening the speed of your shutter will correct matters, but abstain from quick exposures, except of moving objects. Actual experiences will tell you how best to expose a certain plate, and if you keep a record of exposures and not go changing about from pillar to post with different brands, you have really very little use for any kind of photographic meters. Learn to conjugate a plate through all its moods and tenses before you accept or reject it. Once get accustomed to any special make, and you can predicate with nearly absolute certainty how it will act under different circumstances.

It is strange, however, that one make of plates will yield such widely differing results in different hands. One of our leading experts is accustomed to use very slow plates, give long exposures and a very tentative development, while another does just the contrary. As a general thing my experience has led me to prefer plates of slow or medium speed, as there seems to be more latitude in exposure and development and a wider range of half-tones than with very quick plates. The latter require as much managing sometimes as a fractious child. Let the question of rapidity be considered as a function of the lens, not the plate.

One point, too often overlooked, is gaining clear shadows. A good negative ought always to have them, and a little care in selecting the right time of day and noting the general tone of color in the landscape will generally settle the important question of lighting, on which so much depends. The use of color-sensitive plates will go far to obviate many difficulties incident to treating dense masses of foliage, harsh contrasts, cloud effects, white against blue, etc., but they are exceedingly sensitive, and, as an expert told me recently, "you cannot say a cross word to an orthochromatic plate without its fogging over." These plates I will discuss in a future article. My custom is to have a number of double plate-holders filled before starting on a journey, and not try to fill them *en route*.

While I fail to see any need of filling them in total darkness, as is sometimes suggested, owing to the danger of accidents with the sharp edges of the glass, I believe in taking certain precautions. Holders should never be laid down in direct sunlight and always and everywhere, in every case, ought to be covered. The slide is not entire protection and ought not to be drawn except under the cloth. It is well to carefully examine the slides occasionally and not rely on their good behavior, as awkward experiences will sometimes happen when a slide, for instance, refuses to go more than half-way in and defies all your efforts to push it into place and you lose the picture. Perhaps a few moments in sunlight or dampness has caused all the mischief. Eternal vigilance is the price of success in camera work. It is requisite also for correct exposures to have carefully gauged the capacity of one's lens, and I strongly deprecate using very small diaphragms.

Lenses differ so radically from each other that I believe in a camerist giving some study to practical optics. It is a good thing to know why one fails or succeeds, and no one will expect the same qualities in a wide-angle lens as in a rapid rectilinear, if he once comprehends the theory of lens construction and grasps what

is meant by spherical and chromatic aberration. He certainly will not expect a cheap 4x5 single-view lens to cover an 8x10 plate clear and sharp to the corners, nor will he wonder if, in trying to stretch the covering power of a lens, he finds the lines far more curved than is correct. The main advantage of an expensive lens, besides its great accuracy, is its delicacy of gradation as to speed and the perfect control which that gives you of the situation.

But do not treat your lens like a bright baby, and try to make it show all it can do, and a little more. Know your brand of plate, have a fine, well-tested lens, and then keep your eyes open, using your wits from the moment of setting up the camera to removing the holder from it, and, barring accidents, you ought to make very few failures. Do not, necessarily, take the view as the camera is first set up, but use plenty of time in selecting a point of view and focusing. But don't imagine it is possible to make a picnic of the whole affair—a kind of afternoon tea, with conversation *ad libitum*—and yet do good work. Photography is just as exacting a mistress as music, painting or sculpture, and demands as faithful service. See that your belongings are in perfect order before starting on a trip; have an extra ground glass in readiness, a screw-driver and other handy tools in your carrying case, and then realize that there are only a certain number of working hours in the day. If it is worth while to carry a fine outfit into the field with you, it is worth while to let it do itself justice.

It was said of Lord Castlereagh, the English statesman, that he lost an hour every morning and spent the rest of the day trying to catch up with it. Do not, my fellow-workers, allow yourselves to be persuaded into the belief that because you succeed once you will always do so, or let any one make you believe—that is most emphatically untrue—that because you have fine instruments you must necessarily succeed. Every exposure ought to be a new experience, and if it is not you are to blame. Such a progressive art as photography is not exhausted by any one trial, and the constantly shifting panorama of nature should, of necessity, ever suggest new ideas of composition and methods of treatment. Study the works of celebrated painters, learn to compose, as they would say, and you will be astonished to find yourself capable of being constantly surprised by what you can make of an apparently uninteresting subject. Many views which are beautiful to the eye would make a very poor photograph, and *vice versa*. It is an education in itself to learn how to see. Consult such books as those of Mr. H. P. Robinson's on landscape work; read the practical articles in the magazines and find out how much there is to it and how it is possible to cultivate one's eye and taste. Then go forth under the open sky "and list to Nature's teachings." Learn from her that nothing in a landscape is absolutely black and white, and that the sharper the contrasts the longer the exposure is needed to bring up the detail. I must repeat this last is impossible with rapid plates, and that slow ones are far better, but it is an American weakness to be in a hurry, and everything must move at snapshot speed to please most people. But in photography, to accomplish work which is worthy of preservation time should be no object, and the only point to be considered ought to be securing an artistically good result.

In my next paper I will consider the great pivotal point on which photography rests—development; for you cannot get a good print from a poor negative, and you can utterly ruin a perfectly exposed plate in the developing-room. Be able all the time, like Portia, to be thankful that you are not too old or too dull to learn.

CATHARINE WEED BARNES.

THE PHILADELPHIA CLOVER CLUB.

THE world-famed Clover Club of Philadelphia celebrated the tenth anniversary of its existence with a sumptuous dinner at the Bellevue Hotel of that city on the 21st of last month; and of all the notable gatherings that have marked its career, this was in every respect the most notable. The club's two mottoes, "A votre Santé" and "While we live we live in clover," sufficiently indicate the spirit prevailing at its reunions, and in justice to the members it is only fair to say that they seldom fail to live up to their ideal. They certainly did not on the occasion in question.

Imagine a dining-room so filled up with flowers, evergreens, and orange-trees, through which electric lights shed forth their soft, silver gleams, that Aladdin's garden instinctively suggests itself to the mind. In the centre a table, or conglomeration of tables, in the shape of a four-leaved clover, the club's motto, from whose centre rises a column cleverly concealed with bark and branches, to which—heaven forgive the deception—luscious Florida oranges are appended. The guests of honor sat at a long table to the right and left of the portly, handsome president, Colonel Alex. K. McClure. They are a repre-

sentative set, are the guests, at least they represent the brains of the country, and that is saying a good deal. There is Charles A. Dana, hale and hearty as a youth of eighteen, the usual wicked twinkle in his keen eye; there is Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll, somewhat aged of late, but just as pugnacious as ever; there is General "Dan" Butterfield, with silky mustache and vigorous mien; General Crawford, the veteran of a hundred fights; Mayor Washburne, of Chicago, young and pushing, like the city he governs; Colonel John A. Cockerill, editor, and president for the fourth term of the New York Press Club; Lawyer "Charley" Brooke, who deserted Philadelphia for New York long before "Dan" Dougherty was thought of; Congressman Breckinridge, a curious admixture of Southern chivalry and Scotch Presbyterianism; the Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell, of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, an Englishman in appearance and a North of Ireland man in accent; Senator "Joe" Hawley—but who does not know the genial editor of the *Hartford Courant*? another "Jo"—he of *Lippincott's Magazine*—little, bustling, busy, wide-awake J. M. Stoddard, whose advent in New York is always the signal for a general rush of the literati to the inspiring art department of the Hoffman House; Frank McLaughlin, of the *Philadelphia Times*, and Editor Singlerly of the *Record*, and others "too numerous to mention" complete the list.

As I have not undertaken a week's contract I will not pretend to record the events of the evening. Sallies of wit and bright repartee became concomitants of the very first course, and were kept up without intermission to the end. Unnecessary to say that the greatest sinner was, as usual, the irrepressible ex-Governor Bunn, whose interruptions relaxed not even before the forensic powers of a Dana. A few kindly meant but perhaps not entirely well-advised remarks anent the death of Actor Florence threatened for a while to cast a pall on the proceedings, inasmuch as they imparted a saddened note to some of the succeeding speeches, and even inspired a perfect funeral oration on the part of the Congressman from Kentucky; but thanks to Colonel Ingersoll's attack on the infernal regions, and a sober yet witty rejoinder by Dr. McConnell, the balance was once more restored. The conclusion of the dinner was marked by a rather amusing episode. Colonel Ingersoll, having been called upon a second time to discuss his theological opinions, unintentionally offended one of the guests by a flippant allusion to "a man from Arkansas," whereupon the gentleman in question, being both dizzy and from Arkansas, tried his best to precipitate a row. In this he failed, and thus a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close, and the Clover Club covered itself with another installment of imperishable glory.

My illustrations, sketched on the spot, represent among other things the entrance of the Southdown mutton with a vocal accompaniment by George G. Perie, and an equally interesting hit, the presentation of the Clover Club wooden spoon by Lawyer Brooke to Governor Bunn; last, but not least, the efforts of the "baby" member of the club, Talcott Williams, to acquit himself of his onerous duties, namely, carrying around the loving-cup and making himself generally popular.

V. G.

A DAY.

ONLY a day. Yet the south wind, relenting,
Back with its balm to the dying year came;
Changed into rapture a late bird's repenting,
Wrapped the rich world in the setting sun's flame;
Thrilled nature through with the joy of release,
Held all the earth in a wonderful peace.

Only a day. Yet the life-blood, returning,
Faintly crept into a little loved face,
Dear eyes smiled up into eyes of fond yearning,—
Life would be victor of death in the race.
Twilight, departing with lingering kiss,
Left hearts, suspense-torn, a promise of bliss.

Only a day. Yet the cloud of suspicion
Shad'wing two hearts seemed to melt like the dew;
Each lay unmasked to the other's true vision—
Surely the earth and the heavens were new!
Doubt and misjudgment and sorrow all past,
Heart unto heart in sure tones spoke at last.

Only a day. Who can tell, who can measure
All of pure gain that a day may bring forth?
Wait our to-morrows with infinite treasure!
Wait our to-morrows with infinite worth!
What though the shadows a while may hold sway,
Sun-burst and song-burst can come in a day.

ELEANOR M. DENNY.

THE very pretty little picture used in illustrating "Lisbeth's Christmas-Tree," which appeared in our issue of January 9th, we find to have been first printed in *St. Nicholas*. It was so bright that it had found its way around part of the world, and FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY was induced to use it, believing it to be original with the French publication. However, we are glad to congratulate the Century Company on the striking character of all the illustrations in *St. Nicholas*. There is no better way to begin the new year than by sending in a subscription to that most excellent publication, a publication which, when it is said that it comes from the Century Company, receives the highest praise that could be paid it.

PROGRESS IN AMERICAN SHIP-BUILDING.

EVOLUTION is busy with American shipping. The past decade has seen changes and expansions that would have been considered impossible a score of years ago, and the last decade of the century is certain to witness changes even greater and of more importance. The coasting schooner has developed into a vessel of four masts and of a tonnage equal to that of the ship of ten years ago, while the ship is now expanding into a noble four-masted vessel of a tonnage that would certainly seem to be very near the limit. American commerce, both coastwise and foreign, has not yet approached the zenith of its prosperity.

There is now in process of construction in Bath, Maine, what will be the largest sailing

the *Shenandoah*, was not designed for speed especially. Nevertheless she has done remarkably well. She left New York in February last, making the voyage to San Francisco in one hundred and twenty-six days; a very good passage. She left San Francisco in August for Havre, France, in company with five other ships, three of them British clippers, whose captains waged heavily on their winning. Nevertheless the Yankee boat arrived late in November in advance of the fleet, in one hundred and nine days; a remarkable passage, the more so because her cargo, five thousand tons of wheat, was the largest ever put into any vessel. On the voyage some records were made never before equaled by a sailing-ship. In one day the ship logged two hundred and ninety-eight miles, and at another period for twenty successive days her average was two hundred and seventy-eight

mercy was guiltless of the combinations, "corners" and "deals," of modern times; families once separated did not think to bridge distance by correspondence, and the new-born art was left in the hands of ascetics, weaklings, and religious enthusiasts. Guarded by them with zealous care, it did not yet become the exponent of original thought, but a means of perpetuating treasured sayings and pious tales. But the day of its deliverance was at hand—the pen was to prove itself mightier than the sword, and little by little, as brains grew bolder, habits milder, and hands more accustomed to such delicate tasks, man in all simplicity wrote the thoughts of his heart upon the waiting page. And soon, spurred by the vital energies of the immortal soul, the pen learned to picture human nature in all its complexities, until life, with all its passions, all its terrors, sweetness, and its beauty, stands revealed.

Is it not reasonable that the work of each hand should portray truly the characteristics of the controlling brain? Would a man of force speak in weak and wavering tones? Would studious thought be clad in butterfly garb, or crabbed selfishness bear an air of simple, ingenuous frankness? As these in the face, the form, the speech, so each trait has its tell-tale exponent on the written page. Open-hearted generosity may be seen as distinct from avarice, as may prudence and thrift from reckless extravagance and dissipation. Temper in all its forms is easily deciphered. The mind and its methods is as an open page. Honor and frankness, hand in hand, seek other forms than deceit. Habits, impulses, ambitions, passions, whether for good or for evil, all may be read. And the eye of a trained expert can almost at a glance trace the dominant characteristic of each subject, and by closer study lay bare alike his greatest strength and most pitiful weakness. Confined within its proper limits, graphology bears strongly upon its face the stamp of common sense. In no way fortune-telling, nor yet a record of history, past, present, or future, it may be defined as evidence of the esoteric or inward, guiding the exoteric or outward—as a glimpse of the soul, whose potent force sways the material body. Is the brain flushed with anger, the hand responds. An artist portrays the harmony of his mental visions. Music traces inspired characters. Mediocrity, alas, shows itself in purposeless waverings. Originality forsakes well-trodden paths, and the man of rigid method fears to depart from their accustomed limits. Nor has excellence of writing any special meaning to the graphologist. A so-called "fine hand" may indicate evil traits, and frequently does indicate pallid in-

ship of the world. This vessel, to be several hundred tons larger than the *La France*, the present queen of the seas, will be launched early in next summer. The name will be *Roanoke*, the tonnage 4,000, carrying capacity 5,500, the cost \$175,000. The frame is wholly of oak. The length of the keel is 306 feet, the length over all about 350 feet, the breadth 49 feet, and the depth 29 feet. Two smaller four-masted ships have preceded this monster—the *Shenandoah*, cost \$160,000, tonnage 3,200; and the *Susquehanna*, cost, \$140,000, tonnage, 2,744. Both have been built within the past two years.

These vessels have all been undertaken by one firm, Arthur Sewall & Co. Arthur Sewall, the managing head of the firm, is the Democratic national committee-man from Maine. There may be significance in the fact that these immense vessels were not attempted until the return to power of the Republican party in 1888; and there certainly is significance in the fact that during the four years of the administration of President Cleveland not a single wooden ship was built on either coast of the United States! The building of these ships was undertaken with the hope and belief that Republican legislation for the aid of the merchant marine of America would follow assumption of power. The subsidy bill passed by the Fifty-first Congress was shorn of its blessings for the merchantman by pruning and amendment, and the Democratic majority in the Fifty-second Congress precludes passage of any bill designed to foster American shipping. The building of these large vessels, such noble representatives of the nation, is a most potent witness of the fact that the Republican party, and no other, is considered the friend of American shipping. There is not a builder of ships or large vessels on the Atlantic coast who will not concede this, no matter what his politics may be; and there is not a builder who does not confidently believe that sooner or later will come an act which will do for the American ship what English legislation has done for the English ship, and through the Republican party.

Beside the political significance lying in the construction of these ships, there is the fact that they mean much in a commercial sense. Should success attend them—and more particularly the largest one, now building—and should they do what is expected of them, managers of other fleets must have vessels of similar size in order to compete with them. And it would seem from what the first of the trio has done that this must be the result. Granted a favoring bounty, ten years hence America will have a fleet of sailing-ships superior to those of any nation of the world, and capable of competing with the ordinary freight-steamers. The first of the ships,

GRAPHOLOGY AS AN EXPOSITION OF HUMAN CHARACTER.

GRAPHOLOGY, or the deciphering of character from handwriting, is almost new to the world as a complete science. Because it had perforce to await not only the development, but also the general use of handwriting before assuming definite form and outline. Although not claiming so direct an ancient lineage as do palmistry and cheirognomy, it springs from sources of Oriental subtlety, and first knew form and method at the hands of the vivacious and ingenious, though somewhat superficial, Desbarrolles, in the early part of the present century. Transplanted later from France to a German home, analysis and criticism have there stripped it free from all fantasy and gaudy decoration, gracing it instead with many new and subtle deductions, until it now stands in practical working order ready to receive breadth and polish from a various world.

Study of the hand as a touchstone of character descends to us from most ancient times. Aristotle refers to it as something already well understood as a study having definite outline and method in the then little known cities of the farther East, where he journeyed at the bidding of Alexander. And what more logical than that the savants of antiquity, astrologers, and priests, seeking by every intellectual means to dominate mankind—from throne to vulgar herd—should have studied not only the countenance of each fellow Oriental, but also those members which mark man from brute creation, by whose toil he lives and achieves—the eloquent hands, rich in suggestion and prodigal of gesture? These men wielded for centuries the most subtle of all influences—that of mind over matter. They were quick to see and ready to use what slower wits failed to perceive, and their trained analytical powers and marvelous knowledge of human nature placed weapons in their hands impossible to withstand, and most awe-inspiring to the crude and credulous minds of the world at their feet.

In every nation handwriting has been the latest of all arts to develop, and time was already old and hoary ere its practice was much known. The world that lived and strove was of men of war, of hewers of wood and drawers of water; letters were seldom thought of; com-

THE THEATRE.

If one were to judge from the attendance at the Broadway Theatre he would certainly decide that Mr. Francis Wilson and his company in "The Lion Tamer" had scored another success, for up to date the houses have been unusually large. But until Mr. Wilson's vast number of through-thick-and-thin followers have seen the production, we had better not judge the success of the opera from the size of the audiences. The libretto of Mr. Goodwin is passably fair, but there is such a lack of meaning and melody in Mr. Stahl's music that I am afraid it will require more than the genius of a Wilson to make it go for any length of time. The piece contains several novel features and is staged as only Mr. Richard Barker can do it.



MR. ANTON SEIDL.

New York is especially fortunate in the matter of music this season. Besides the season of Italian opera, we have two series of Sunday-night concerts by two of the finest orchestral organizations of the city. The series at Lenox Lyceum, under Mr. Anton Seidl, being the first in the field, merits especial attention. The high character of the programmes, as well as the excellent rendering, has earned for these concerts a deserved popularity. Mr. Seidl has shown great adaptability and a remarkably catholic spirit in preparing his programmes for these concerts, and his interpretation of the works of the great composers stamps him as a conductor of rare ability.

WINDSOR.



MR. FRANCIS WILSON AS "CASSIMIR" IN "THE LION TAMER."



MARYLAND.—HON. CHARLES H. GIBSON, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT.—PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.

UNITED STATES SENATOR GIBSON.

THE Senatorial elections so far held this winter have resulted in no changes, Charles H. Gibson, who was appointed by the Governor of Maryland in December last, having been now elected by the Legislature for the unexpired term of the late Ephraim K. Wilson; while in Ohio Senator Sherman, in Maryland Senator Gorman, and in Mississippi Senators George and Walthall have been re-elected. Mr. Gibson, who was elected, as is alleged, in obedience to the expressed wishes of Senator Gorman, is a native of Maryland, where he was born in 1842, and is a lawyer by profession, having been admitted to the Bar in 1864. He has held the offices of commissioner in chancery and auditor, and also of State's attorney of Talbot County—the latter for a period of eleven years. He was a member of the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first Congresses, and was last year a candidate for renomination, but was defeated by Colonel Henry Page. Mr. Gibson is popular in Washington, and his election appears to have given satisfaction to the leaders of his party.

THE LATE JUSTICE BRADLEY.

THE late Associate Justice, Joseph P. Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court, who died on the 22d ult., was one of the most distinguished jurists of his time. He was not only a lawyer of the profoundest learning, but his judgment was of the highest order, while his industry and conscientiousness were extraordinary. As a judge his controlling desire at all times was to do even and exact justice, and this led him to investigate to the fullest extent every fact which tended to throw light on the rights of parties in cases brought before him. He was in a peculiar sense a just-minded man, while at the same time he was to the last degree resolute and courageous in the maintenance of his convictions. No earthly power could move him when once he had made up his mind as to a question involving vital principles. But he was something more than an able jurist.

He was a student of literature, history, and even theology. He was never more happy than when investigating some abstruse question, and on many things relating to old English poetry, and to intricate and almost forgotten religious disputes, he was an accepted authority.

A lady who knew him intimately relates that, calling upon him once at the house of a friend, she found him walking up and down the library, translating a favorite Psalm from the Hebrew. It was thus that many of his moments of leisure were employed. He was, too, a man of great tenderness. The same lady, who was the daughter of a former Speaker of the House of Representatives, mentions that when her father died Justice Bradley was among the first to pay the family a visit of condolence. "But," she says, "he hardly uttered a word. He did better. Sitting between my mother and myself, he read from the Bible, with exquisite sweetness and pathos, one of those grand chapters which so lift and soothe the soul in time of trouble, and we rose comforted and strengthened."

Justice Bradley occupied a seat on the Bench for a period of nearly twenty-two years, and during this period had a leading place in the discussion and decision of most of the important questions which grew out of the war, the reconstruction measures, and the amendments to the Constitution. The decisions made by him on the South-

ern circuit as to some of these grave questions were afterward confirmed by a full bench of the Supreme Court.

He was regarded by his associates as the most learned man on the Bench. He was called the court's encyclopædia. He was not an impressive speaker. He talked with deliberation, almost



THE LATE JOSEPH P. BRADLEY, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE U. S. SUPREME COURT.—PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.

with a drawl, and convinced by the force of his arguments rather than captured by the brilliancy of his rhetoric.

In early life he was a Whig, and without being an anti-slavery man he subsequently became a moderate Republican. He never took a very active interest in politics, but during the Rebellion he espoused the national cause warmly, and this led to his accepting the only public trust he ever exercised in his life—that of Presidential elector in 1868.

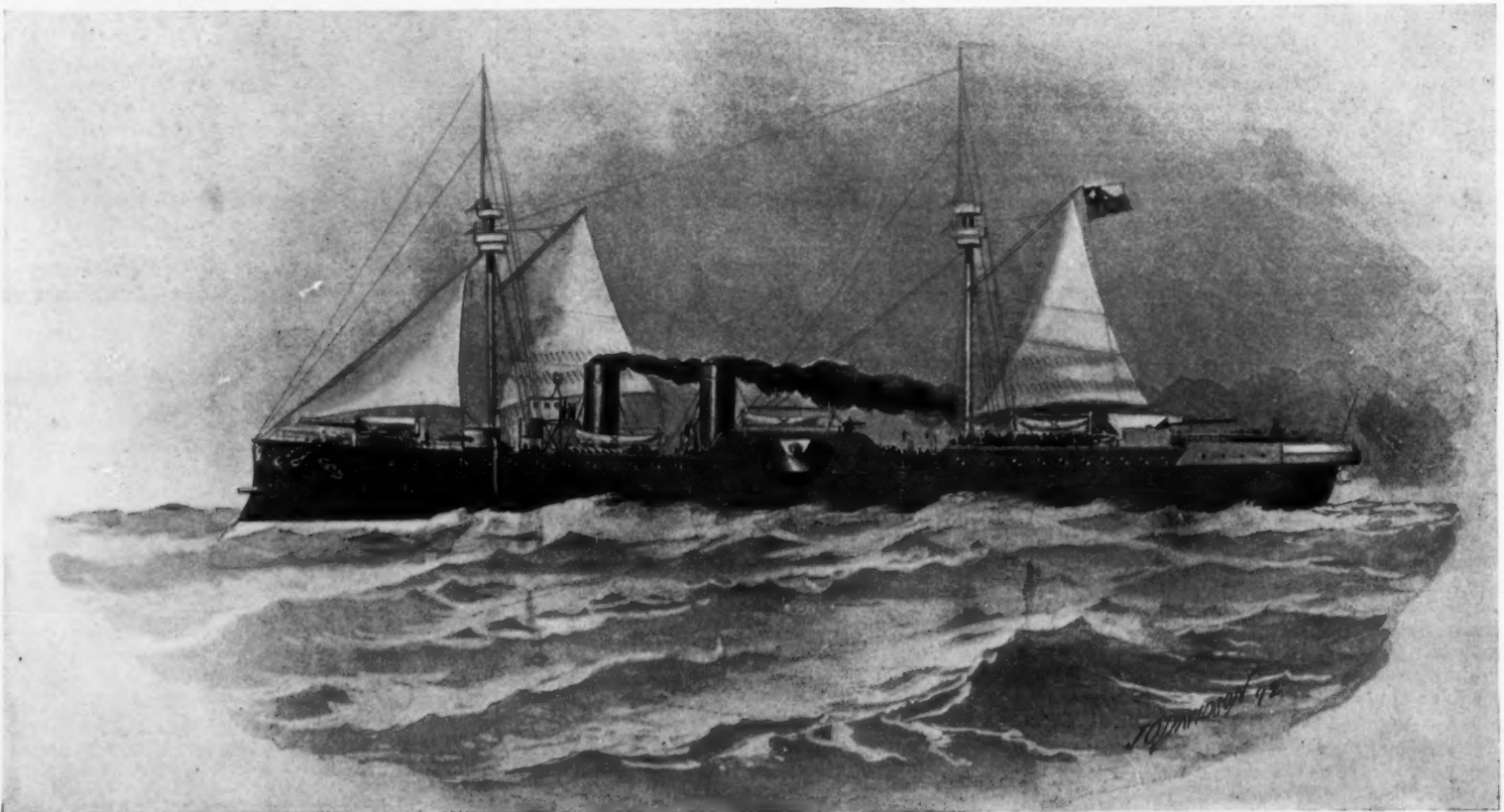
He was in the seventy-ninth year of his age at the time of his decease, and had been for some time in feeble health.

THE FORMIDABLE CHILIAN IRON-CLAD.

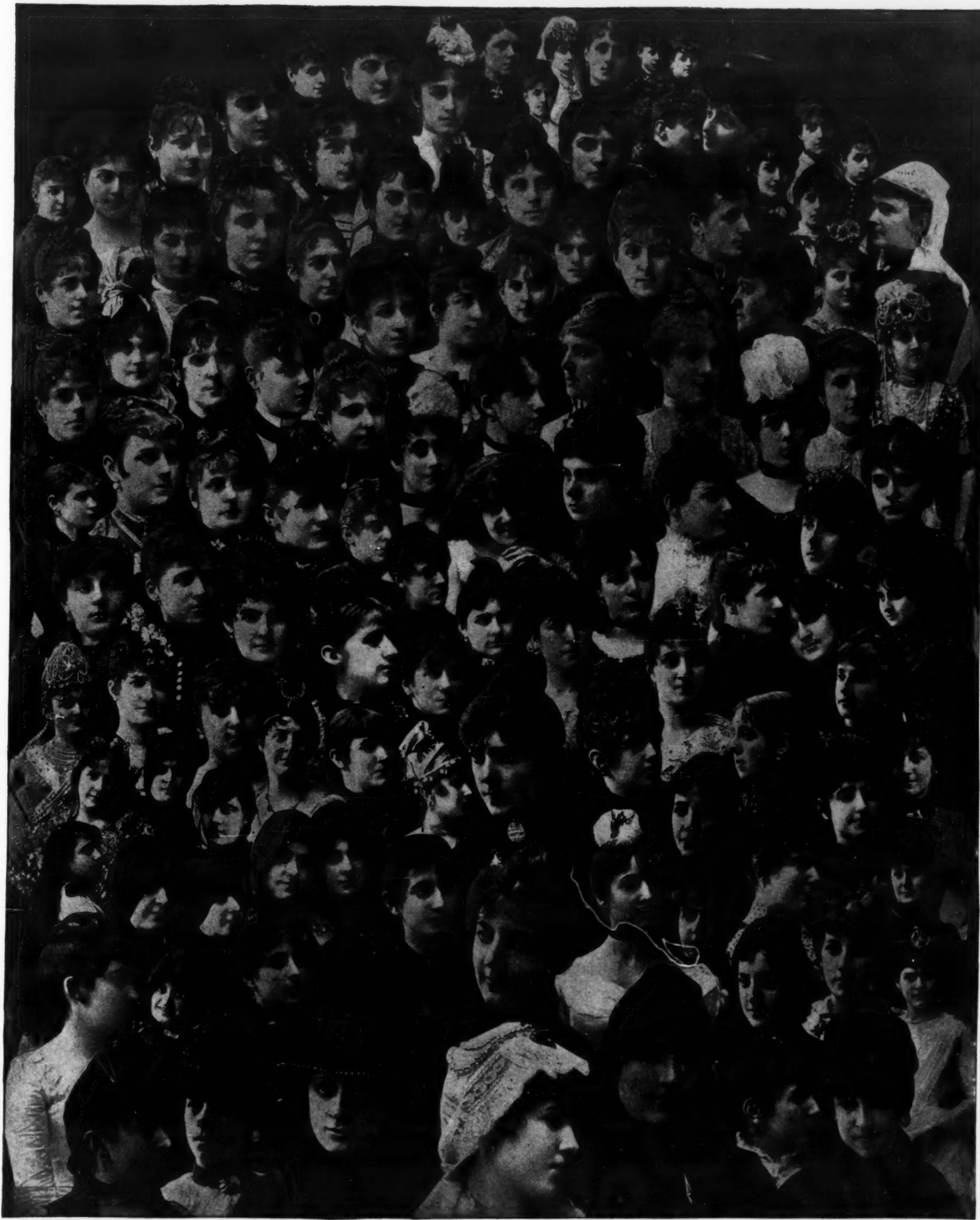
WE give below a picture of the formidable Chilian battle-ship, the *Captain Prat*, which was launched about a year ago at Toulon, and is now fitting out in France. The *Captain Prat* is regarded as one of the strongest and most formidable war-ships now afloat. She has 6,900 tons displacement, and carries at water-line a belt of twelve inches of steel. Her length is 382 feet, and she has a speed of from nineteen to twenty knots an hour. Her heavy battery includes four nine and one-half inch Canet breech-loaders and eight four and three-quarter inch Canet heavy-firing guns. The former are in main barbette turrets, one forward and the other aft, and one on each side amidships. They can be loaded in any position, and while the turrets can be worked by hand, electricity is substituted for hydraulic power as a motor. The quick-firing guns, placed in pairs in four closed turrets, can be operated either by hand or electricity. In her secondary battery this vessel has eight smaller rapid-firing guns, six revolving cannon, and seven machine guns, besides four torpedo tubes. The *Captain Prat* would prove, it is believed, more than a match for any of our cruisers, but if occasion should arise, it is quite likely we would know how to take care of ourselves on sea or land.



HON. PATRICK EGAN, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHILI.—[SEE PAGE 3.]



THE FORMIDABLE CHILIAN IRON-CLAD, "CAPTAIN PRAT," NOW FITTING OUT IN FRANCE.



"THE FLOWERS OF CHILI"—A GROUP OF YOUNG SOCIETY LADIES OF SANTIAGO.

"LAS FLORES DE CHILI."

THE fine illustration presented herewith is an artistically arranged collection of some of the handsome young society ladies of Santiago, Chili. There are few cities in America, North or South, or in the world, for that matter, that can show as many handsome female faces as the Chilean capital. It will be noticed that these beauties are presented in a variety of attire—gay ball or party dress, some in afternoon or street costumes, others in church-going habits, the latter very unique. All ladies attend church in mantos—a large, black, shawl, those of the rich being of the finest embroidered Chinese silk, worn in a peculiar way, encircling the head and body, giving them somewhat the appearance of nuns.

Many of the ladies in the illustration represent the pure Spanish blood down through colonial times, tracing their ancestors to some of the noble houses of Spain; others, and it is conceded some of the prettiest of Santiago's beauties, are those of foreign and Chilean blood, such as Miss Lynch, niece of the late Admiral Lynch, Miss Smith, the Misses Puelma Tupper, the Misses Hunens, etc. Americans who have visited Chili, and especially some of our naval officers who have had occasion to meet

some of these at a Philharmonic ball, will remember the mischievous eyes and bewitching beauties encountered there.

SLEIGHING IN CHICAGO.

OUR picture on page 9 gives a vivid idea of a scene on Lincoln Park Boulevard, in Chicago, during the sleighing season. This is one of the favorite drives of the people of the North Side, and the display, especially late on Sunday afternoon, is full of life and animation. Many of the turnouts are equal to the finest ever seen in Central Park, and the throng is at times so great that the boulevard seems almost impassable. A favorite point of view is the new Grant monument, past which the carnival ebbs and flows in merry currents, and here crowds of spectators, perched in air, enjoy the enlivening spectacle. Our illustration is from a sketch by a staff artist.

JAPAN SHAMES NEW YORK.

WHILE the Legislature of New York is higgling and haggling over an appropriation to secure a proper representation of the industries of the State at the World's Fair, being apparently dis-

posed to cut down the sum to the lowest possible minimum, the government of Japan, which was only a few years ago admitted to the family of nations, has already determined to expend half a million dollars to secure an exhibit at the exposition. Of this amount one hundred thousand dollars will be expended in the erection of a building, which is to be in the style of a thousand years ago. In this structure there will be a collection of Japanese fine arts and curiosities representing three epochs in the national history, the design being to make the display a sort of historic panorama. A bazaar will also be erected for general exhibits. The commissioners of Japan, who are already at Chicago, represent that the greatest interest in the coming fair is manifested in all parts of the empire, and they add that there was not the slightest opposition to the liberal appropriation already referred to on the part of Parliament. This action is in striking contrast with that of the piddling legislators at Albany. If they were capable of shame one would suppose that a sense of humiliation would overcome them when they realize how utterly contemptible their course must appear to the enlightened representatives of the so-called heathen nation of Japan, not to say to all the right-thinking people of the United States.



FOR THE CHILDREN

CONDUCTED BY AUGUSTA PRESCOTT

MISS MARJORY'S VALENTINE.

"DEAR me! why don't the postman come?" exclaimed Mary Morton for the hundredth time, as she stood with her nose pressed against the window-pane, gazing up the street to catch the first glimpse of the postman with his mail-bag stuffed full of letters and valentines. "He will surely bring a valentine for me. I know he



"WITH HER NOSE PRESSED AGAINST THE PANE."

will. He always does. Roxy," she called out, "leave your dishes and come here and see if you can see him coming."

Little red-headed Roxy wiped her hands on her apron and came and gazed with Mary up the street.

"Phwat is a valentine, Miss Mary?" queried Roxy. "I never heerd tell of wan."

"Never heard of a valentine!" exclaimed Mary. "Why, a valentine is—a beautiful piece of paper with flowers painted all over it, and a lovely verse on it, and maybe some pictures. And once I had one that had a little look-

ing-glass in it. Oh, valentines are beautiful, Roxy! You ought to have one."

"Yis, that I ought," exclaimed Roxy, bitterly; "but it ain't fur poor folks loike me to have such things. But I'd loike right well to have wan o' thim."

Just then the long-looked-for postman came, and Mary and Roxy were busy tearing open the envelope and gazing at the beautiful paper valentine with its bright flowers and pretty verses, which were all just as Mary had said.

"Now I must go up-stairs and show it to mamma," said Mary, "and by and by, Roxy, when Sister Marjory's valentine comes, I will send for you to come up and look at it. It will be perfectly beautiful, I know it will. Sister Marjory's beau always sends her one, and it is made of satin, all hand-painted, and perfumed with the most beautiful perfumery you ever smelled. Last year there was lace around it, and Sister Marjory stood it up like an easel upon her dressing-table. But you shall see it for yourself, Roxy, for I'll call you up-stairs the minute it comes."

Up-stairs danced Mary Morton with her valentine in her hand, while poor little Irish Roxy returned to her dish-washing with bitter thoughts in her mind and the shadow of an evil deed lurking in her heart.

Cling! clang! went the door-bell, and Roxy hurried up-stairs to answer its peal.

"Is it anything for me, Roxy?" called Miss

That afternoon was Roxy's afternoon out. And hastily getting her work out of the way, she pinned her little woolen shawl round her shoulders, and concealing the precious parcel under it, hurried home to the poor old grandmother who had been Roxy's mother ever since Roxy could remember, and whom Roxy loved as she loved nothing else in the world.

"Oh, granny!" she cried, bursting in the door of the one little room which answered as parlor, bed-room, sitting-room, and kitchen. "Oh, granny, jist look at the beautiful valentine I brought you. It's Valentine's Day, granny, and I bought it for you. All the quality has valentines to-day, and I knowed you'd be pleased to git one, too."

With trembling fingers the old woman broke open the package and took out the beautiful satin valentine, while she and Roxy gazed at it speechless with admiration. It was a beautiful satin cushion, perfumed and painted, as Mary had said it would be, and at the top there was a beautiful cord of silk and gold, so that the cushion might be hung upon the back of a chair should its owner desire to use it as a head-rest.

"There's a letter wid it, darlin'," said the old granny, wiping the tears of joy from her eyes and handing Roxy a dainty envelope, which lay on top of the cushion. "What a rogue ye are, dearest, to go write a letter to your old granny, whin ye know it's years since she has read a line."

Roxy took the letter to the window, and, all ignorant of the terrible breach of honor, opened it and tried to decipher its contents. But Roxy was a poor scholar, and had been to school so little that the letters might as well have been Greek for all that she could read of them.

"It's nothin', granny; it's nothin'. It's jist a piece of paper," she said as she hastily put the envelope into her pocket, to decide later what should be done with it.

The afternoon dragged heavily for poor, guilty Roxy in spite of all that the old granny could do to cheer her up, and as early as she could she slipped away and started for home.

"Poor Miss Marjory!" she thought. "How sorry she will feel not to get her valentine, and her letter, too. I've a moind to go buy her wan and send it wid the letter."

Feeling around in her empty little pockets, Roxy could find only one cent. But feeling sure that valentines could not be so very expensive, she stopped in the nearest little fancy store, and laying the poor little cent down on the counter, she said as boldly as she could:

"Will yer plaze give me the best valentine yer have fur the money? And make it a nice wan," she added, timidly.

"These are all we have for one cent," said the storekeeper, carelessly, laying down a pile of big comic valentines in front of Roxy. "You can have any one of those you want and an envelope for one cent. That's the best I can do for you."

Looking them over, Roxy selected what seemed to her the prettiest, and folding it up, she put it in the big envelope the storekeeper gave her, and with awkward fingers addressed it to "Miss Marjory Morton."

Half an hour later Roxy knocked at Miss Marjory's door and handed in an envelope, saying:

"Here's your valentine, Miss Marjory. A boy was afther lavin' it fur you a few minutes ago—jist as I come into the house."

Miss Marjory took the valentine, tore it open, glanced at it, read the note, and promptly burst into tears.

"Oh, mother!" she cried. "Mother, come here. Did ever anybody receive such an insult? Just look at that terrible valentine! Isn't it perfectly awful? That fearful-looking girl, and what a big mouth. And that dreadful verse! What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do? Just read it." The verse ran:

"I love you much, I love you well,
I love you truly, mum,
I only wish that you were not
Always chewing gum."

"Oh, mother, I shall die! I know I shall die!"

exclaimed poor Miss Marjory, bursting out crying afresh. And here is a letter with it. The letter read:

"MY DEAR MISS MARJORY:—Permit me to send you a slight token of the esteem and affection in which I have always held you. I regard you as the most beautiful and admirable of women, and the sentiments that I do not dare speak to you I have ventured to express in the valentine which I send to you on this Valentine's Day. Believe me to be
Your devoted admirer, EDWARD."

Mrs. Morton's quick wits immediately perceived that there had been a mistake somewhere, and summoning Roxy from the kitchen, she questioned her so closely and carefully that the whole story was soon made known.

"Do you realize, Roxy, what a terrible thing this is that you have done, and how much trouble you might have caused?" she asked of the poor little Irish girl, who sat with her head buried in her apron, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Indade an' I do now, mum. But it didn't seem so before. I only wanted ter give me poor



"SHE TORE OPEN THE VALENTINE."

old granny a nice little present, an' I thought ye'd niver know. An' ye have so many nice things. But I promise, I promise, mum, niver, niver to do so agin."

The valentine was brought back to Miss Marjory, and in its place there went to the old grandmother a pair of blankets and a knitted shawl, along with the promise from Roxy that never, as long as she lived, would she be guilty again of stealing or trying to deceive any one.

Roxy is a big girl now, and she looks back upon her fault as a childish one; but she has never forgotten the lesson that it taught, and if you were to offer Roxy to-day all the queen's jewels you could not tempt her to take anything which does not belong to her.

THE PRIZE LETTERS.

A month ago, the Children's Department of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY offered a prize each to the girl and the boy who should write the best letter on "Winter Sports."

Hundreds of little letters have been sent in, and they were all so good that it has been very hard for the editor of the Children's Department to decide which are the best. They are all very, very good, and they show that there are hundreds of boys and hundreds of girls who can write a good letter when they try to do so.

Many of the letters came without any address upon them; and fancy how sorry the editor of the Children's Department felt when she read the dear little letters, signed just "Susie" or "Kittie" or "Gracie," without any other name and without any address. Be more careful, dears, and be sure to write your name and address every time, in good, plain handwriting, so that your name will be printed in the paper, if the letter is good.

After reading all the letters carefully the editor has decided to give the prizes to Mabel Van Leuvan, Ellenville, Ulster County, N. Y., and Henry Kindsgrab, Hempstead, L. I. Henry receives a pair of skates and Mabel receives the French doll.

Now, do not be discouraged at all, you dear little boys and girls who wrote letters, and who

did not get the prize, but remember that the only way to succeed is by trying and trying again. Your letters were very interesting, and it was so hard to decide which was the best letter that it has been decided to send a souvenir to those whose letters were almost as good as the ones that took the prize. Here are the letters:

PRIZE LETTERS.

WINTER SPORTS.

BY MABEL VAN LEUVAN.

Our sports are many, and mostly sleigh-riding. There is one thing we enjoy very much, and that is skating. We have had some skating but not much snow.

On Wednesday, 6th of January, we awoke and found it snowing, at least I did; I don't know about others, as I am not an early riser. I was delighted, and was very eager to get out. I went to school without an umbrella, and took my time to enjoy the snow.

I did not think it would last long, but at noon it was still busy, and I had some hopes of sleighing.

I went to school in the afternoon, and when school was dismissed it was quite deep.

The first thing I knew, I had my face washed and snow in my neck. My cheeks burned fearfully, but I did not mind that. It is forbidden to throw snow-balls or wash faces, but I would not tell, so it passed on.

We had lots of fun after that, including sleigh-riding, which we enjoy very much.

Five days have passed since our first snow-storm, and the snow is most gone in the roads. The people seem so eager to ride that they ride right on, heedless of ground or horses.

In winter one sees many ways to have a good time. If there is not any ice to skate on, we go to the skating-rink, where we have the jolliest of jolly times. Oh, what fun to see them fall, but rather bad fun to fall yourself.

There is where the pretty girl catches her beau, who treats her to many things, heedless of where the money comes from. Of course the girl don't care, it does not come out of her pocket. That is what the big girls say. Then comes the ending. He waits on the corner, and when she comes along she takes his arm and goes on. Winter is very pleasant.

Another sport is sleigh-riding parties, which are lovely. We sing our sleighing songs and are happy.

When in winter we are not out in the evening we gather around the fire, with apples, nuts, candy, and each tell a story, that also is nice.

Usually we all go down to grandma's to spend Christmas, and then for a time. Santa Claus appears with some ginger men and sticks of candy apiece, and also a whip which makes us behave very well.

Us means all the grand-children, which gather at grandma's.

We play hide the thimble, button, button, and many others, ending with a good-night kiss from grandma. So ends our winter sports.

Our professor told us about the souvenirs, and we were all delighted. There were five or six out of our room, including myself.

I received mine all right, and think it beautiful, and shall have it framed to remember my first prize.

I thank you as much as I can, as I am so pleased with it, and I think your paper very nice, also.

I hope you will gain many subscribers, and have a success through life, ending it as happy as those you have made happy by your little presents.

MABEL VAN LEUVAN.

ELLENVILLE, ULSTER COUNTY, N. Y.

WINTER SPORTS.

BY HENRY KINDSGRAB.

"Winter sports are merry and gay,
And we joyfully welcome each winter day."

Now old Winter has come around once more, with Jack Frost, and all his other servants; and I will tell you how I found it out.

One morning when I awoke, I found that Jack Frost had been painting (freezing) the most beautiful scenery on my window; but I didn't care to admire it just then, because it was so co-o-o-l-d up there, so I dressed hastily, and ran down stairs for my breakfast; oh! how nice and warm it was down there; and the muffins were steaming hot; then I looked out of the window and enjoyed it too; the flakes of snow lying on the window-sill so glistening and white, were of the most beautiful designs; different stars and some like ferns; and then suddenly the great sun rose over the pines like a glorious red globe of fire, and shone on the trees which were glistening with icicles, and made the snow glisten like myriad diamonds, making the most perfect Winter morning.

After I had eaten my breakfast Johnny Jones and half a dozen other fellows came along and asked me to go to the hill with them; so I bundled up and got my sled and came along; and I tell you it was bully, riding down that hill;

where I used to live, they said, "let her go, Gallagher!" when they started the sled, and here they say "ponny! ponny! ponny!"

After we had coasted awhile we felt the pangs of hunger and started for home, on the way we saw a very funny snowman; and that gave us the thought to make one too; so we went into our yard, and began to work like good fellows. First we got a long stick, and stood that up firmly in the snow; then we went to work and made four long, big rolls of snow, and put those in upright position around the stick; and then smoothed them all around and those formed the body; then we fixed the head around a part of the stick which was still uncovered; then we made two sticks rolled in the snow do duty for arms, and then we put two small round coals for the eyes, a slanting strip of red flannel for the nose, and one for the mouth; then we put two icicles for a mustache, and a large one for a chin beard. Then we put an old hayseed on his head, and an American flag at the end of his arm.

We then wrote a bill in very large letters inviting each person that passed to have five throws at him. We pinned this on the hayseed, and one on the gate. Then I was called in to dinner, and after dinner I went out to look at my old snow man when I saw Tom Smith and Bob Brown firing away at him and he was already in a most dilapidated condition, and the pitiless sun did the rest; and passers by in the afternoon saw only a heap of snow with a strip of red flannel sticking out and the brim of an old hayseed; while a solitary stick grimly stood on the middle of the lawn. At one o'clock we fellows started for the hill again; and when we got there, we found to our great surprise and regret, that each boy had to do his share of shoveling snow on the hill as hard as he could; because it was too much worn down already.

They were carefully watched by a large boy, (he had the easiest of it;) with an armful of hard snow balls; and he hit each one that did not work faithfully or attempted to go down the hill; but I tell you what, as soon as it was done I went down as fast as I could, and had jolly fun only sometimes, I had some bumps and tumbles.

I was back of a girl once and I hollered ponny! so loud that she jumped off her sled, but I steered in an entirely different direction, so as not to hurt her.

In the evening we went to the pond to watch the skaters, and how I wished that I had a pair too; and that is why I am writing this story.

It was very pleasant to watch the bright gleam of the steel in the silvery moonlight, on the glittering shiny ice, and see the stars overhead.

The place where I lived formerly was Orange, N. J. They had a toboggan slide there; in the evening they had electric lamps shining; and then the moon came out making more light than all the lights put together; the slide was one solid sheet on a mountain side. After watching them skate a while we went home and it seemed almost as though we were walking through fairyland.

When we got home we settled ourselves by the fireside and I read all about the famous ice castle of Minnesota and of the Esquimaux and the Aurora, and about Russia with its Winter sports. Holland comes in for a good share too, almost every man, woman, and child can skate there even little tots; for in Winter the numerous canals do duty for streets; yes sir the Dutch folks have jolly winter sports.

Then I went to bed; and let me whisper a secret to you, you must be very, very careful not to let the blankets slide off in the night, or Jack Frost will come and pinch you and bite you like a good fellow, and when you wake up real cold that isn't sport; but altogether I think old Winter is a right, jolly fellow and I love him too.

HENRY KINDSGRAB.

(Aged eleven years.) HEMPSTEAD, L. I.

RECEIVED A SOUVENIR.

Many of the letters were so good that they deserved a prize. Accordingly souvenirs have been sent to the writers of the best letters.

The following boys and girls have received souvenirs:

New York.—Harry H. Freeman, Middleport; Bernie Freeman, Middleport; Marion Diefendorf, Canajoharie; Nina D. Aylor, East Granger; May Garland, Ellenville; Ada W. Cornelius, Ellenville; Eliza Dayton, Ellenville; Willie Cask, Coleman's Station; Mina van Volkenburg, Hunter; Howard Brown, New Lebanon; Henry E. Hoyt, West Conestable; Edgar L. Parker, Knapp's Creek; H. Earl Kennedy, 95 Fourth Street, Olean; Ethel Swift, 233 Niagara Street, Buffalo.

Long Island.—Margaret Crouse, 1238 Dearborn Street, Brooklyn; Theodore Drake, 14 Front Street, Greenport; Harry M. Payne, Southold; Alma A. Brierly, Franklin Street, Hempstead; Gracie Thornberg, Hempstead; Harry P. Smith, Hempstead; Florence Ethel Earle, Hempstead; Alice Bell Earle, Hempstead; Addie Seaman, Hempstead; Willie Kirwin, Hempstead; Sadie Williams, Cross Street, Hempstead; Anna Mortenson, Franklin Street, Hempstead; Estella Roth, Hempstead.

Pennsylvania.—Ernest D. Rollins, Hollidaysburg; Ethel R. Rollins, Hollidaysburg; George H. Long, Leighton; Frances Egan, Sharon; Florence May Whitman, 1230 Green Street, Reading.

Massachusetts.—Eleanor Gladys Creden, 940 Broadway, South Boston; Miles Henry Dunham, Sheffield, Connecticut.—Wells Buttrey, Springdale, Stamford; Laurie C. Roy, Southington; Elsie L. Rogers, Cochester; Mary A. Gunther, Stratford.

Illinois.—Blanche Eden, Sullivan; Josie Elliston, Sullivan; Inez Hall, Lacon; Eddie Paine, Fancy Prairie.

Indiana.—Jesse St. John, Marion.

Ohio.—Mabel M. James, Linwood.

Colorado.—Franklin S. Tremain, 106 West Front Street, Leadville.

Wyoming.—Roy Fitch, Laramie.

Maryland.—Milton Bartlett, Kirkham Post-office.

South Carolina.—Frederica Anna Holloway, 155 McBee Avenue, Greenville.

Texas.—Nellie Y. Fort, 513 South Mill Street, Paris.

Louisiana.—Edna Zodiag, Shreveport; Lake Stallcup, Shreveport; Kate Jones, 330 Fannin Street, Shreveport.

California.—Eva Gimple, 2337 Market Street, San Francisco; Nettie Robie Downing, 709 Tenth Street, Oakland.

Nebraska.—Marie Vorn Weg, corner Twenty-second and Leavenworth streets, Omaha.

A PRIZE OFFER.

So many nice letters were received that it has been decided to continue the prize offer another month. This month a prize will be given to the boy who writes the best letter on "My Dog." The prize will consist of a pair of beautiful skates.

The girl who writes the best letter on the subject of "My Favorite Book" will receive a beautiful French doll.

Now, boys and girls, you must all rally and try for the prize. Boys, if you do not own a dog, write about the kind of a dog which you would like to own. Perhaps you had a dog once, and will tell us about him. Write about his tricks and all the wonderful things he did.

Girls, you are all fond of reading books; surely you must be. Write a letter about your favorite book, whether it is a book of short stories or a history, or whatever it may be. Tell who is the author and any interesting facts which you may know about it. You may also tell what other books you like to read, and give us a nice little talk about books. Perhaps you like fairy stories, and if you do, nothing will please the boys and girls better than to hear about them.

Now, hurrah for the skates and the doll! Let us see who will win them.

Write only on one side of the paper, and address your letters to Children's Department, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, Judge Building, New York City, and be sure to send in your letter some time before the 20th of February.

GRANDPA'S LOVE.

"One and two, I love," said Daisy,
"Three, I love, I say."
Petal after petal falling,
Fluttered far away.

"Four, I love—all these are grandpa—
With my heart away.
Five, that's naughty, jealous Towser,
Five I cast away.

"Six, he loves—of course that's grandpa—
Seven's me, Daisy May.
Eight, they both love, really, truly—
More and more each day.

"Nine, he comes,—I'll run and meet him,
With my posies gay.
Ten, he carries, but he'll hurry
To his Daisy May.

"Eleven, he courts—what's that, I wonder?
Guess it's tennis-play.
Twelve, he marries,—yes, I'd marry
Grandpa any day!"



"ONE AND TWO, I LOVE."

PUZZLEDOM.

ALL children are invited to send in the answers to the following puzzles. The names of those who send in a correct solution will be printed next month. Write only on one side of the paper, and address all letters to Puzzledom, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, New York City. Children are invited to send in original puzzles.

HIDDEN WORDS.

A well-known Scotch poet.



A poet who became blind.



One of his works.



A writer of poetry and prose who lived in this century.



One of Scott's poems.



A great Western city.



A well-known poem of Hood's.



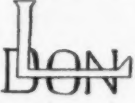
A city in Italy.



An American poet who died about ten years ago.



The largest city in the world.



A city in Greece.



SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

No. 1.—"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

No. 2.—E R I N
R U D E
I D E A
N E A R

No. 3.—O, on, now,
down, drown, wonder.

No. 4.—A, an, can,
can't, canto, canton.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

The following boys and girls sent in correct solutions:

Grace Smith, Arthur P. Calhoun, Ethel E. Randall, Alice May Harris, Adah A. Pennell, Pauline Johns, Janet C. Houston, Minnie Russell, Grace E. Monroe, Estelle White, John Morris, Henry Gaffney, James Payn, Willie Seymour, George Brate, and Harry Preston.

Graphology

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY offers to any reader furnishing twenty lines of handwriting a short sketch of leading psychological traits to be published in the column of the Graphological Department, under any name or nom-de-plume specified. All communications will be considered as confidential, and should be addressed care Graphological Department, and inclose the printed heading of this paper, showing date line.

George W. Shepherd, Bridgeport, Conn.—Your handwriting shows a capable and industrious man, warm and impressionable in temperament. You are affectionate and conscientious. There are strong indications of mental depression and discouragement. Your will is strong and a bit obstinate—it should be a great help to you in any undertaking. I think you lack a good object for which to work. Do you make the most of your abilities and sufficiently value your opportunities? Build for yourself a practical ideal, an aim in life. Success is to be gained only by persistent energy, working in one definite direction. Remember the fate of the rolling stone. Try a while longer where you are—make up your mind to be successful. Never forget it for one moment. You are capable, but rather apt to think yourself unappreciated and to be variable. Try to be less sensitive. Put your strong will to work; do your best, and make yourself of value. Then you will find matters looking rather better.

Omega, Utica.—You are distinctly ambitious, energetic, active, and persevering when your interests are aroused. You have some qualifications for the end which is your aim, for you are fluent in idea, have a ready and rapid imagination, and are fairly observing. There is something of versatility in your lines, also impulse, a decided vein of originality and diplomacy. Have

Since this note

you thought of the law as a profession? Cultivate a habit of critical analysis. You have only a slight turn that way, and it would be valuable. Resolutely abandon small conceits, learn to be as thoroughly practical as is in you to be, avoid dreams, don't allow originality to become eccentricity. You have good capacity for cultivation, but need more polish. Your handwriting lacks the soft, poetic fervor of the other you mention. He is a poet. You will do best in prose.

Quack Krugg, Conneaut, Ohio.—You show intelligence, education, considerable imagination, some inclination to optimistic views, self-appreciation, and a bit of egotism. You are aspiring and ambitious, but have yet to develop your best. There is in your handwriting fluency and readiness of speech; considerable will force, which you do not always employ, but I think will later on; a capacity for self-control; an affectionate temperament, and a general ability for good work.

S. A. P. Conover, New York.—Is exceedingly self-appreciative, rather critical, and in a position of authority would be dictatorial. He is fond of talking, is communicative in general, but apt to be very reticent about his own affairs. He is ambitious, but his aims could not be called ideals. He is observing, persevering, and good-tempered.

Gladys Wayne, Westbury Station, New York.—Is decided, energetic, ardent, and rather combative. Is intelligent, but not a keen observer, and is inclined to pass hasty and emphatic judgments. Though not ill-natured, she is apt to undervalue others. She has a strong will, and is inclined to be obstinate. Is ambitious, capable of reticence, and has many of the qualities of a good and thorough manager.

George A. Lyons, Vineland, N. J.—You are careful and painstaking when interested in the matter in hand, but rather apt to be neglectful of things in general. You have a pretty but not very original imagination—more an appreciation of form and symmetry of sound than real poetical ability. You have a ready flow of idea, and are inclined to be rather domineering.

Calla H., Buffalo, N. Y.—You have much self-respect and feminine pride of person; are neat, dainty in your ways and tastes, frank, lucid of mind, and extremely candid. Your judgment is excellent, and you have a good sense of justice. Your will is firm when need be, but unobtrusive, and you are—while not lacking in decision—

*Dear Madam,
Graphology*

accommodating, amiable, and tactful. I see poetical appreciation and artistic taste, even artistic skill and refinement. Your presence is

assured, but not bold. Your tastes are for arrangements on a generous and even lavish scale. Your circumstances are agreeable, and you are well educated. You are generous and pleasantly imaginative, but are not suspicious or given to jealousies. There is a touch of originality about you and a dash of egotism, just enough to be thoroughly human. You are affectionate and faithful, pleasant and companionable, and are neither over-eager for pleasure nor an atom of a sensualist.

Non Cura, Newton, N. J.—A strong, dependable hand, showing clear common sense, ready sympathy, generosity, ardor, and a warm appreciation of the cares of others. I see that you are straightforward, honorable, conspicuously truthful, firm, determined, and tenacious. You express yourself flowingly, carefully rather than rapidly, and with ease, and you are discreet, self-controlled, and cautious. You know very well what you are about, and are not a man to be imposed upon easily. In business your habit is to be careful, in all things you are conscientious. You are economical, observing, and possessed of much self-respect. You have poetical appreciation and good taste. You reason sometimes by intuition, but your habit is deductive. Your ideals are lofty and will not be easily obtained. With some simplicity, you are yet ardent and are warmly affectionate. You are decided, firm, and just in the government of home or people. In the cases you speak of, investigate the general signs of your handwriting, and you will find the differences but superficial. The essentials will remain unchanged, with perhaps the addition of depression. It is as much that the eyes which criticize are as weary as the hand which executes. Try comparing two such specimens after resting, and when feeling refreshed. You will find, I think, the differences to be very small.

Asylum, Athens, Ohio.—Is methodical, painstaking, careful in matters of detail, cautious and economical, while yet liking all things on a scale of liberality and excellence. He is not imagi-

Very respectfully,

native, is modest, reticent and not inclined to be self-assertive. Is business-like and particular in small matters. Is neat, has considerable force of will, but does not obtrude it often. He is affectionate, and for all his matter-of-factness, has considerable appreciation of the artistic and beautiful.

Harry Lee, St. Joseph, Mo.—Is ambitious, energetic, affectionate, and well educated. His ambition, however, has not learned to confine itself to a single interest and pursue one line to success. He is clear in mind, well-intentioned in his judgments, is not a deceiver. He is cautious, careful, and neat, but not especially critical. He shows a fanciful imagination and a tendency to be somewhat visionary. There is a general air of an unsettled frame of mind and some restlessness. He is a little inclined to extravagance, but does not, or cannot, always indulge this little failing.

Ami, New York.—A quiet, unimaginative temperament, conscientious and truthful. The handwriting showing a slight decadence, either of health or years. Force of will, but disinclination to exert it often. A listener rather than a conversationalist, although at times talking with enjoyment. Not a business enthusiast—a dreamer, perhaps, but a dreamer with a practical side, and a strong disliking for extravagance.

Lee Grant, South Orange, N. J.—Your handwriting shows decided evidence of cultivation, good judgment, and literary tastes, even a taste for literary work. You have a clear and most logical mind, are not extravagant, but self-con-

*somewhat skeptical
like the undersigned*

trolled and economical, though generous. You would, I think, get the worth of your money, and in an argument maintain your points. You are fluent and agreeable in conversation, and are probably a self-contained, logical speaker. You are careful in matters of detail, are a practical business man, possessed of well-regulated energy. You reason rather by logical conclusion than critical analysis, although at times indulging somewhat in criticism. There is also general truthfulness, candor, and lucidity; a preference for direct rather than diplomatic dealing; a steady, level will; appreciation of all that is pleasing to the senses; self-control; self-confidence, and a touch of sentiment.

H. E. Pond, Conneaut, O.—Yours is the handwriting of a careful, thoughtful, honest man. You have much self-respect, a plentiful stock of conversation,—but are not given to talking on all occasions,—are logical, ambitious, and well-intentioned. You are economical, but not avaricious—careful, rather thrifty, and disinclined to extravagance. You are not inclined to be tyrannical, but know your own mind and are not in-

fluenced with any special ease, as a rule going calmly on your own way, undisturbed by the whims or vagaries of others. You are persevering, diligent, and do carefully and conscientiously whatever you undertake. Beautiful handwriting does not always indicate fine character or capacity, nor does a poor hand mean inability for good work. Sometimes quite the reverse. Writers, poets, scientists, are proverbially poor penmen; but the graphologist can see the fervor of genius in the irregular lines.

Bella Demonio, Dorchester, Mass.—Is careful, neat, painstaking, dainty, and unemotional. She is persevering and upright. Is affectionate and reserved. Is not a gossip, or inclined to talk needlessly of her own affairs or those of others. Her spirit is more tenacious than her physique strong, and she would be very sensitive to unkindness, coldness, or neglect. She is business-like, understands herself, and while tolerably pliable, she does not lack in dignity, and has a certain feminine force of will. There is just a little bit of egotism and a shadow of selfishness in her composition.

Victory, New York.—Is thoroughly feminine in type. She has a pliable disposition that is yet not without force. It is pliable more through faith and affection than weakness. She has tact, is refined in her tastes and ways, is affectionate, observing, chatty, gossipy, and fond of social pleasure in moderation, while yet attached to her home. She is good-natured, is not material or grasping, but likes to be as liberal as her good sense will allow. Her judgment is excellent, her sense of justice keen, and she is

Es I conclude

truthful, candid, and genuine. Intelligence is evident, and she has decided capacity for critical observation and analytical comprehension. All by virtue of the ever-valuable feminine gift of intuition. Good education is apparent and some cultivation; also general good taste and appreciation of the graceful and artistic, but there is no evidence of artistic ability.

Alexis, Auburn, New York.—Is ambitious, progressive, exceedingly neat, particular in detail, refined, well educated, and intelligent. He is decided, but not notably forcible. His reasoning powers are good, are deductive rather than intuitive, with an inclination to analyze. He is a man to be trusted; is candid, frank, and sincere. Self-respect is visible, good judgment, and an easy, symmetrical flow of idea. Without being over-egotistical he has a perfect comprehension of his own worth and good qualities, is level-headed, possessed of good judgment, and expects to succeed through upright intention and candid simplicity.

A. W. R., Boston, Mass.—Is cautious, careful in small matters, capable of taking pains, ready in idea, and business-like. He believes in economy, is a little selfish, and rather egotistical. Is reticent about his own affairs—in fact, is not generally communicative, and does not care to be too well understood. Is inclined to be sensitive. He is very persevering, methodical, and diplomatic—qualities that do much to win success; but he has more ardent than personal force.

Ernst Benninghoven, Helena, Montana.—Has a warm but not too ardent temperament, and is capable of strong affection. Personal pride, ambition, and high ideals are visible. He is active, persevering, in good health, and determined. Cultivation is apparent, also quick intuition and a tendency to analysis and criticism. His common sense and judgment are above the average. He is impulsive, his imagination is glowing but does not blind him, he is fluent and ready in conversation, though not lacking in caution. He

The heading

is decidedly self-appreciative and inclined to be a little selfish and egotistical. His strength of will is excellent, and capable of continued and systematic effort.

W. W. G., Atlanta, Ga.—Your interesting letter, so full of information, for which many thanks, bears suggestion of a great habit of observation. You are easily in sympathy with your surroundings, whatever they may be, understanding and appreciating their individuality. You are ambitious in your own special way. You converse with ease and pleasure when the topic pleases you, but are often silent and thoughtful. You are not impulsive and dislike to hurry. You are self-contained, dreamy, and controlled. Affectionate but independent, and quite capable of happiness though not surrounded by friends or family. You are restless, determined when you choose, have had much experience in life, and would not be imposed upon very easily.

C. G. W., Marion, Ohio.—Is clear in idea, ambitious, active, observing, and fond of talking.

It is safe to predict that his ambitions will sometimes be attained. He is ardent in temperament, inclined to be a little careless; has executive ability, and will some day be able to win others to his own views very easily.

FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA.

THE Russian government is busily occupied with measures to relieve the deplorable condition of the peasantry in the famine districts. The authorities have postponed the enactment of the proposed new laws against the Jews, and officers of the guards have been sent to Ufa, Orenburg, and other wheat entrepôts to replace civilians in the task of superintending the importation of wheat to the famine-stricken provinces. With a view of averting a repetition of the famine, the government has decided to make experiments in co-operative farming. Plots of ground will be allotted for this purpose, and if the enterprise proves successful it will be greatly extended. In some of the southern provinces the land-owners and country gentry have started relief operations, and the Zemstvos, or local government councils, have also distributed food monthly to poor families with children. To prevent danger from the gathering of bands of desperate roving wanderers, hostile to all property and to the public safety, they are often prevented by detachments of troops from leaving the village. An instance of this proceeding is shown in the illustration which we reproduce from the London *Illustrated News*.

EMIN PASHA'S LATEST EXPEDITION TO THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

One of the most important among the numerous expeditions into the interior of Africa undertaken during the last few years is that which Emin Pasha organized a little less than two years ago for the purpose of establishing German supremacy in the region of the Victoria Nyanza. It will be remembered that this expedition started in the last days of April, 1890, and the reports published from time to time stated that Emin Pasha and his troops had encounters with several hostile tribes, until they reached the Victoria Nyanza in January, 1891, where two fortified stations or military posts were established at Bukoba and Muansa. On the way to the lake Emin Pasha attacked and conquered one of the strongholds of the Arabian slave-dealers, the village of Massansa, where he found large stores of ivory. He collected the tusks (altogether 7,805 pounds, having a value of about \$25,000) and had them transported to Bukumbi on the Victoria Nyanza, whence they have been sent to the coast. Our picture on page 17 shows the departure of Emin's troop by boats from Bukumbi to Bukoba, where Emin at present resides as imperial commissioner.

THE SOUDAN SLAVE-TRADE.

The story of the Austrian missionaries who recently escaped from Khartoum, as published in the *London Graphic*, is one of extraordinary interest. They confirm the report that Khartoum has been practically laid waste by the Mahdists, and that Omdurman, adopted as the seat of government, has now a population of 120,000. Only a few years ago it was a mere straggling village; now it extends for over six miles along the west front of the Nile. Among its more ambitious public buildings are the palace of the Khalifa, the mosque, the Madhi's mausoleum, the barracks of the Jehadi, and the slave-market. Omdurman is not the only slave-market in the Soudan. According to Father Ohrwalder, one of the escaped captives, "there are important markets also at El Fasher and Beni Shangul. These, however, are not so much markets as collecting and sorting stations, and the trade transacted is strictly wholesale. Thence the pick of these human chattels are sent to Omdurman, where no time is lost in offering them for sale. The market is a large stone building, situated in the busiest part of the town. It has a raised verandah, and an inclosed open space in front. The dealers assemble in groups on the verandah, where, reclining on straw mats, they smoke their *nargilehs* and drink their coffee. The prices of the slaves vary according to the purposes for which they are required. Able-bodied men fetch from \$20 to \$25, young boys from \$5 to \$7.50, women suitable for domestic service from \$15 to \$20. The highest prices are paid for young and pretty girls, varying from ten to sixteen years of age. Our picture is from the London *Graphic*.

THE NEW KHEDIVÉ.

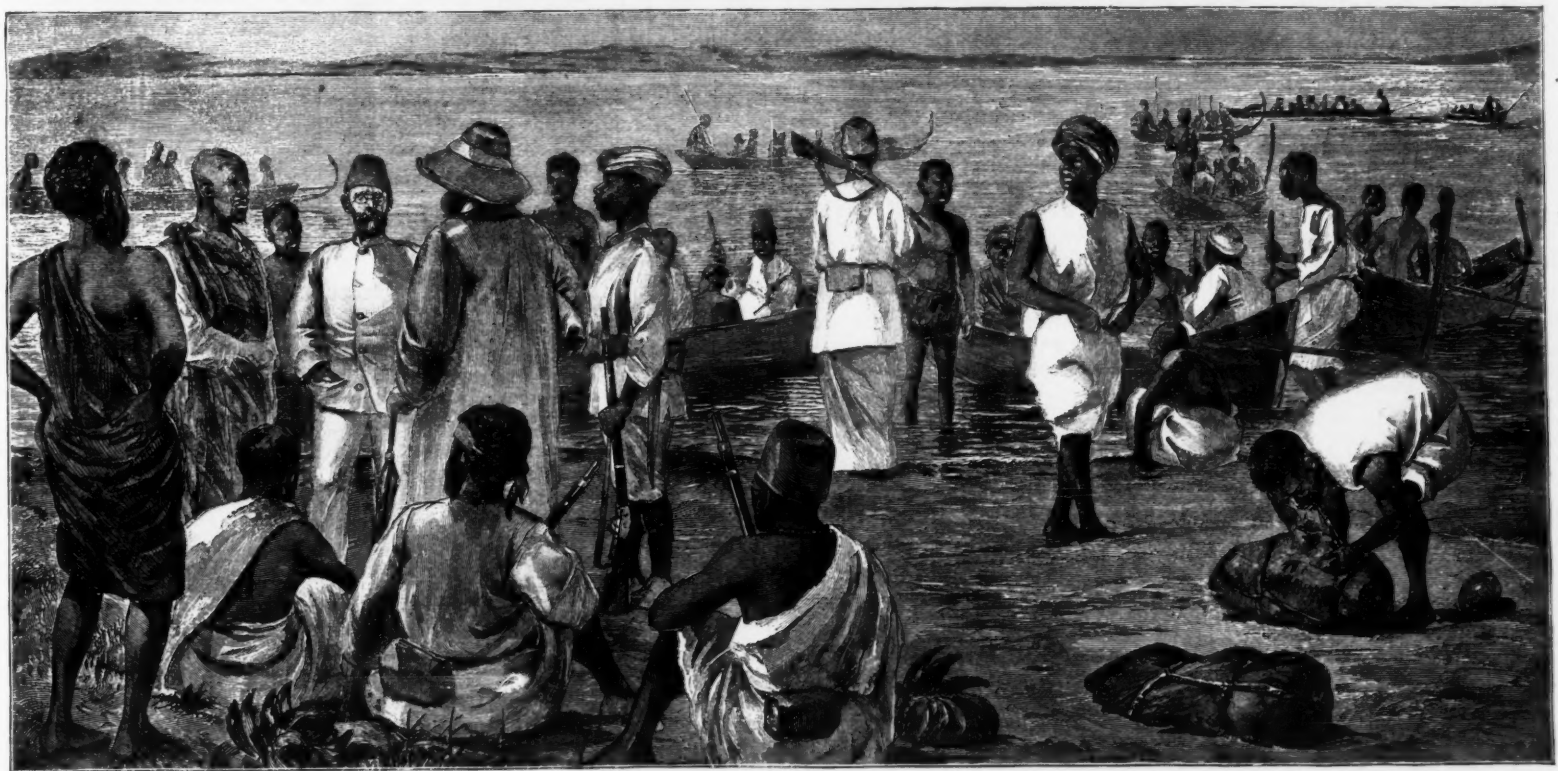
The accession of Abbas Pasha, the new Khedive of Egypt, has been accomplished without any apparent change in the relations of the Powers to the Egyptian question. England will continue to dominate the situation, the discontent of France to the contrary notwithstanding, and British interests will be amply protected, fairly or otherwise. It is announced that the new Khedive will presently make a tour abroad, visiting Constantinople, Odessa, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Paris.



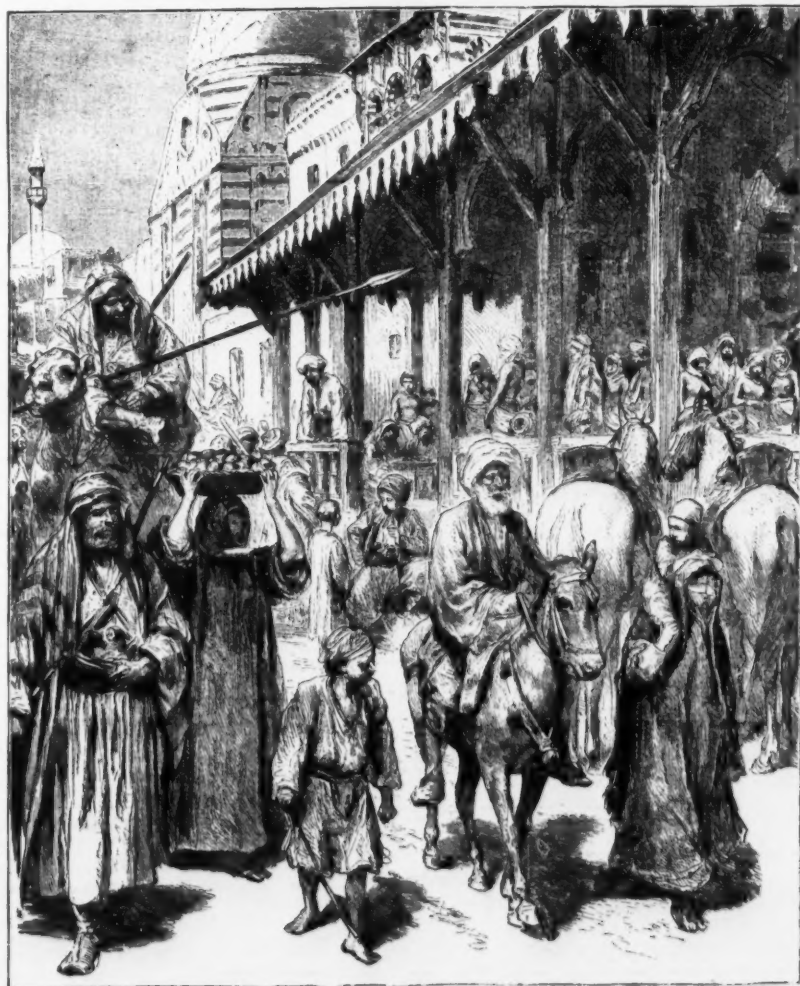
CHANGING THE BULLETIN OUTSIDE THE GATES OF MARLBOROUGH HOUSE DURING THE ILLNESS OF THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.



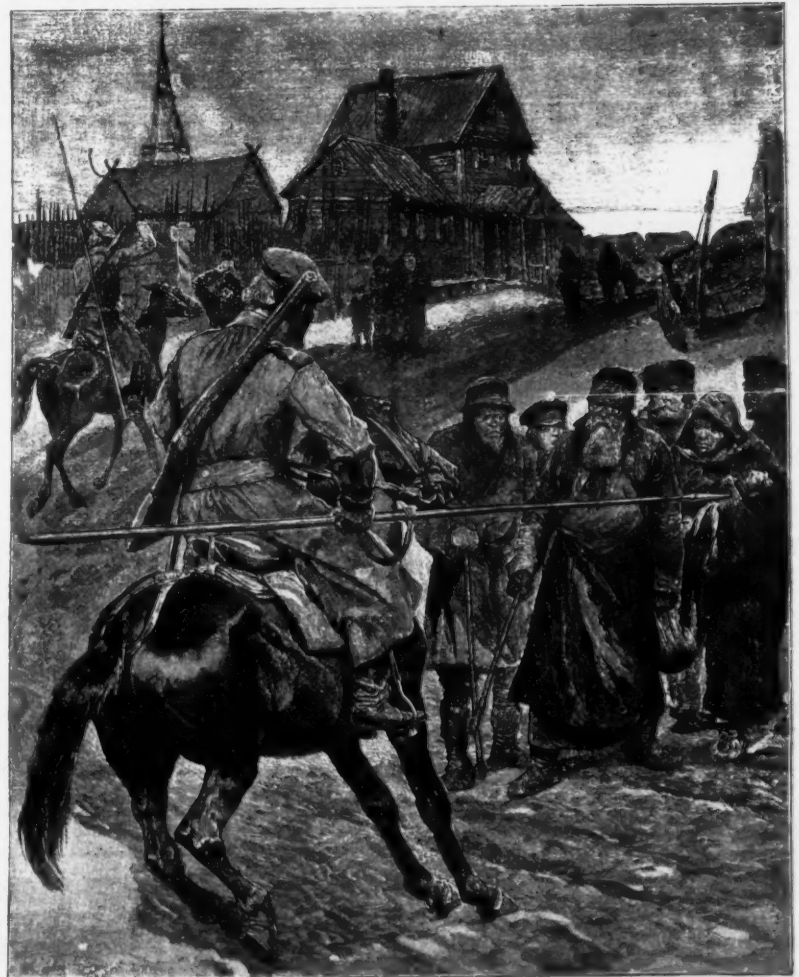
ABBAS PASHA, NEW KHEDEVE OF EGYPT.



THE GERMANS IN EAST AFRICA.—EMIN PASHA'S EXPEDITION TO THE VICTORIA NYANZA—DEPARTURE FROM BUKUMEL.



THE SLAVE-MARKET AT OMDURMAN.



THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA—COSSACK PATROL PREVENTING PEASANTS LEAVING THEIR VILLAGE.

CREEDE CAMP, COLORADO.

THE attention of investors, speculators, and mine-owners is called to this new mining district. This camp, now eighteen months old, is to-day shipping twenty-five carloads of ore per day. It is expected that by June 1st there will be fully ten thousand people in the camp.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is the only line running trains directly to the camp. For information, rates of fare, etc., address S. K. Hooper, G. P. and T. A., Denver.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH AMERICA?

SHOULD you address a Frenchman with these words, he would probably say: "Oh! America is good enough in some things, but you cannot make good wine." A German would object to its beer and sauerkraut, and an Englishman would say: "You cannot make tin plate, you know, and besides, you have no business to try."

But we do make tin plate and good beer and sauerkraut, and unless the American people are all fools we do make good wines, and a big lot of them, too. A few years ago (somewhere in the 'seventies), in looking over the list of yearly importations by the several great champagne houses of France, I hear Baude, of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, say: "Wish we could sell as many cases as the least of these." But in comparing notes at the close of the past year there were but few whose importations exceeded their sales. The Pleasant Valley Wine Company have increased their sales enormously each year; have just completed what is by far the largest and finest establishment for making champagne in America, and would bear favorable comparison with any in the world. Their Great Western goes into the best families; we can bear testimony to this. It is pure and wholesome, and besides, the price of one case of good imported will buy two of Great Western. We have many times been asked what is a good wine; the best answer we can give is: If it is pleasing to your palate and generous to your stomach, to you it is a good wine.

Every factory and workshop in the land should keep on hand Salvation Oil. 25 cents.

The most reliable family medicine for Coughs and Colds is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. *Crème Simon*, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections. It whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris; Park & Tilford, New York. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

THE Sohmer Piano is inferior to none, and is universally acknowledged to be superior to very many others offered at "prices which defy competition." When its merits are considered it is the cheapest instrument in the market to-day.

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been before the public many years. For relieving Coughs, Colds, and Throat diseases they have been proved reliable. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 830 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

WE recommend the use of Angostura Bitters to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia.

Brown's Household Panacea, "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is an easy food—it is more than food, if you please; but it is a food—to bring back plumpness to those who have lost it.

Do you know what it is to be plump?

Thinness is poverty, living from hand to mouth. To be plump is to have a little more than enough, a reserve.

Do you want a reserve of health? Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

34

SKINS ON FIRE

With agonizing Eczemas and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blotchy, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure,



CUTICURA
SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are, beyond all doubt, the greatest skin cure.

Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere.
POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.
How to Cure Skin Diseases—mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS, With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

The doctors say that the grip bacillus is the smallest one of the family yet discovered. It is, eh? Well, let us hope that it won't cross-breed with some of the larger varieties. An improved breed of the grippe bacilli is about the last thing this country needs.—*St. Louis Republic*.

WORST CASES CURED TO STAY CURED IF UNCOMPLICATED BY ORGANIC DISEASE.
ASTHMA
We want name of every asthmatic. Examination free by mail.
P. HAROLD HAYES, M.D.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

CRIPPLES, Ladies and girls, or exercise, buy a Fair Tricycle.
BICYCLES.
Address
FAY MFG. CO., Elgin, Ill., U. S. A.

Balmy Breath

EVERY one who has had the pleasure of visiting the country in summer time knows how exquisite is the odor of NEW MOWN HAY, AND THE PERFUME OF WILD FLOWERS. Equally delightful is the SWEET, BALMY BREATH which is allotted to every young lady who uses

CONSTANTINE'S

PERSIAN HEALING

PINE TAR SOAP

But this is not the only advantage which this REMARKABLE PURIFYING agent affords to its patrons. It BEAUTIFIES THE TEETH and makes them SHINE LIKE PEARLS; removes from the face every trace of UNSIGHTLY ERUPTIONS; keeps the scalp FREE FROM DANDRUFF, and gives to the cheeks a fresh and

ROSE-LIKE COLOR WHICH CHARMS ALL BEHOLDERS. This ORIGINAL AND INIMITABLE PINE TAR SOAP is for sale by druggists generally.

REFRESHING and INVIGORATING.
THE CROWN LAVENDER SALTS
Sold everywhere, in Crown stoppered bottles only.

FREE

provided you exhibit it to your friends and use your influence in securing us future orders. Cut this out and return it to us with your photograph, with your name and address back of photo, so we can ship your portrait accordingly. Tanqueray Portrait Society, 741 De Kalb Av., Brooklyn, N. Y.
REFERENCES: Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D., and Commercial Agency of R. DUN & CO.

PROPOSALS FOR SALE OF BONDS.

\$150,000, 6 Per Cent. 20 Years, County of Missoula, State of Montana.

OFFICE OF COUNTY CLERK, {
DECEMBER 12TH, 1891.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners of Missoula County, Montana, met in regular session on the 8th day of December, 1891, sealed bids will be received by the undersigned for the purchase of Missoula County bonds to the amount of \$150,000. Said bonds to bear interest at the rate of six per centum per annum payable semi-annually on the first days of July and January of each year, to bear date March 1st, 1892, and to be redeemable and payable in twenty years after date; to be issued in denominations of not less than \$1,000, and to be sold at not less than par value.

These bonds are to be issued for the purpose of funding the present floating indebtedness of the county.

The population of Missoula County is 16,000. Assessed valuation, \$9,000,000. Rate of tax limited to 20 mills.

The bonded indebtedness of the county, exclusive of this issue, is \$139,750; amount of floating indebtedness, \$172,171.31; present total debt, \$304,921.31. Bids will be received up to the 22d day of February, 1892, 2 p.m.

A certified cheque, payable to the order of County Clerk, for the amount of \$2,500 must accompany each bid as an evidence of good faith, said amount to be forfeited by the successful bidder on the event of refusal to take bond.

The Board reserve the right to reject any or all bids.
D. D. BOGAERT, County Clerk,
MISSOULA, MONTANA.

Dated at Missoula, Montana, December 12th, 1891.

To prevent waists parting at the seams use

GILBERT'S Dress Linings.

Ladies appreciate this.
Name on selvage.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 125-page Book on Dermatology and Beauty. Illustrated: on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10c. also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Indurated and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superficial Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.
JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Arnold, Constable & Co.
Spring 1892.
REAL INDIA PONGEES,
CORAHs,
Unexcelled for Durability and Wear.
NOVELTIES.

PRINTED GLACÉ RONGEANT,
STRIPED SILK SHIRTINGS.
Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

THE BARKER BRAND LINEN COLLARS
ABSOLUTELY BEST
BARKER BRAND IN SHAPE FINISH & WEAR TRY THEM

—WRITE US if you are going to BUILD.
Sample designs of Model Homes sent on application.
Our New Book—
"Cottage Souvenir" No. 2, with over 200 illustrations, is a GEM for all who want to build.
Price \$2. Send for prospectus and sample pages—free.
GEO. F. BARBER & CO., Architects, Knoxville, Tenn.

SMOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH
30 YEARS THE STANDARD.

8 Per Cent. Net Oregon Investment. Prune farms better than U. S. Bonds. Investment Share Certificates of this Company for sale on installments. CROPS AND BANKS NEVER FAIL IN OREGON. Send for our new Prospectus. THE FARM TRUST & LOAN CO., Portland, Oregon.

28th Annual Statement

OF THE

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

January 1, 1892.

ASSETS	-	-	\$13,613,111.95
LIABILITIES	-	-	\$11,123,545.58
Surplus to policy-holders			\$2,489,566.37

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

No. Life Policies written to date 66,672
New Life Insurance written in 1891 \$15,925,929
A gain over 1890 of \$2,362,512,
OR OVER 17 PER CENT.
Paid Life Policy-holders to date \$6,909,408.99
" " " " in 1891 734,541.05

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

No. Accident Policies written to date 1,817,642
" " " " in 1891 96,126
" " Claims paid in 1891 13,267
Whole number Accident Claims paid 228,196
Amount Accident Claims paid in 1891 \$986,453.09
Whole Amount Accident Claims paid \$14,010,189.21
Paid Policy-holders in 1890 \$1,720,994.14
Total Losses Paid since 1864 \$20,919,598.20
Paid Policy-holders in 1880 \$1,720,994.14
Total Losses Paid since 1864 \$20,919,598.20

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.

G. F. DAVIS, Vice-President.

RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.

JOHN E. MORRIS, Assistant Sec'y.

Going South?



Consider your comfort and travel by the luxurious steamers of the

CLYDE LINE,

The Only Line of Steamships Between New York and Jacksonville, Florida, Without Change, affording a delightful sail among the

SEA ISLANDS ALONG THE SOUTHERN COAST, calling at CHARLESTON, S. C. Sailing from Pier 29, East River, New York, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 3 p.m. Tables are supplied with the best the Northern and Southern markets afford.

THE CLYDE SHIPS are of modern construction, and provided with every appliance for safety, comfort, and speed.
M. H. CLYDE, A. T. T. THEO. C. EGER, T. M.
WM. P. CLYDE & CO., Gen. Agts.,
5 Bowling Green, N. Y. 12 So. Del. Ave., Phila.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."

NEW YORK

CENTRAL

THE FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE

Operating the fastest and most perfect through train service in the world.

Reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centers of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Health and Pleasure resorts.

DIRECT LINE TO NIAGARA FALLS By way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

All trains arrive at and depart from **GRAND CENTRAL STATION**, 4th Avenue and 42d Street, New York, Centre of Hotel and Residence Section.

THE ONLY RAILROAD STATION IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

INVALIDS

Gain rapidly in health and strength by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine substitutes rich and pure blood, for the impoverished fluid left in the veins after fevers and other wasting sickness. It improves the appetite and tones up the system, so that convalescents soon

Become Strong

active, and vigorous. To relieve that tired feeling, depression of spirits, and nervous debility, no other medicine produces the speedy and permanent effect of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. F. O. Loring, Brockton, Mass., writes: "I am confident that anyone suffering from the effects of scrofula, general debility, want of appetite, depression of spirits, and lassitude will be cured

By Using

Ayer's Sarsaparilla; for I have taken it, and speak from experience."

"In the summer of 1888, I was cured of nervous debility by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Mrs. H. Benoit, 6 Middle St., Pawtucket, R. I.

"Several years ago I was in a debilitated condition. Other remedies having failed, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was greatly benefited. As a Spring medicine, I consider it invaluable."—Mrs. L. S. Winchester, Holden, Me.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
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GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.
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Mrs. Alice Maple, Oregon, Mo., writes: "My weight was 320 pounds, now it is 195, a reduction of 125 lbs." For circulars address, with 6c., Dr. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

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SEND stamp for picture, "The Pretty Typewriter," Shorthand School, 516 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

AMERICANS AS TOURISTS.

SOME idea of the amount of traveling done by Americans as a people, and the comfort and luxury they command, is gathered from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's announcement of its personally-conducted tours for 1892. First comes a tour to Mexico, to the Golden Gate and Mexico, leaving New York for Mexico February 10th, and for California February 24th, March 24th, and April 20th, 1892. Tourists will travel by superbly-appointed special trains of Pullman drawing-room, sleeping, dining, smoking, and observation cars, under the supervision of a tourist agent and chaperon.

Then follows a series of five to Jacksonville—February 21 and 16th, March 1st, 15th, and 29th, 1892. The first four admit of two whole weeks in the sunny South, while tickets for the fifth tour are good to return by regular trains until May 30th, 1892. The round-trip rate is but \$50 from New York.

A series to Washington, D. C., leave February 18th, March 17th, April 7th, and 28th, and May 19th, each tour covering a period of three days, and rate of \$12.50 from New York includes traveling expenses and board at the national capital.

A series to Washington, with a longer stay at the nation's capital, will leave New York January 28th, March 10th and 31st, and May 5th, arriving there on return trip February 3d, March 10th, April 6th, and May 11th. Rate from New York \$32.50, covering all necessary expenses during period absent. In connection with tour of March 10th a trip will be run to Richmond and Old Point Comfort, rate being \$62.50 from New York, covering all expenses.

February 2d a tour will be run to Washington, Richmond, Virginia Beach, and Old Point Comfort, covering eight days, and tickets will be sold at \$42.50 from New York.

Last of all, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that on August 25th it will run a distinct tour to the Yellowstone National Park. It will be conducted on the same general principles, and maintained at that high standard manifested on all the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours.

Carefully-prepared itineraries, as well as detailed information, may be procured by addressing Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 849 Broadway, New York.

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THE Umatilla Indians in Oregon have elected No Shirt for chief. He certainly appears to be a warrior who can't be done up.—Chicago Times.

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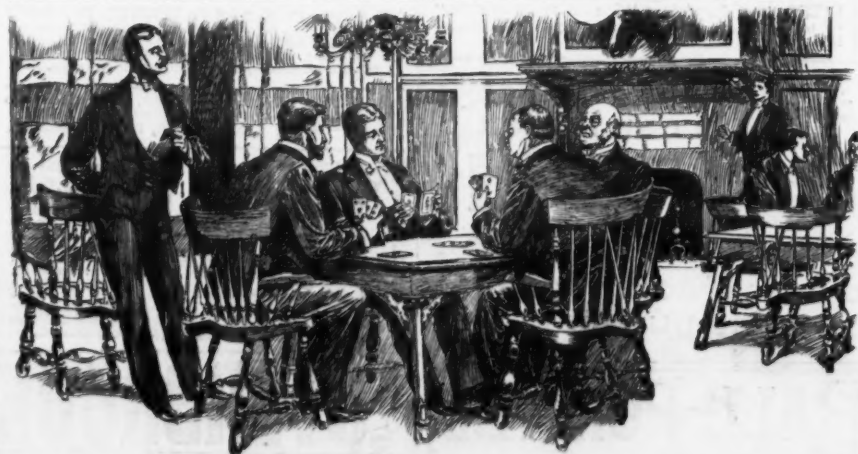
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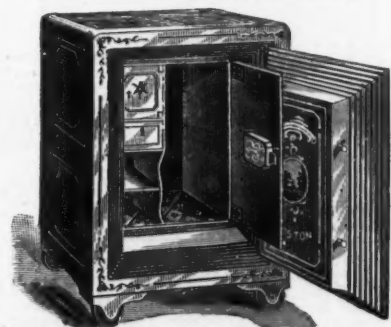
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